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47. 1857.



**THE
BRIDE OF IMAEL.**

THE
BRIDE OF IMAEL;
OR,
IRISH LOVE AND SAXON BEAUTY:
A POEM,
OF
THE TIMES OF RICHARD THE SECOND.

BY
JANE EMILY HERBERT,
Author of "Poetical Recollections of Irish History."

"May none whose scatter'd names honor my book,
For strict degrees of rank or title look."

BEN. JOHNSON.

"I tell of things done long ago,
Of many things in few;
And chiefly of this clime of ours,
The accidents pursue."

WM. WARNER, 1586.

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1847.



DUBLIN :

**GEORGE FOLDS, PRINTER, 1, SAINT ANDREW-STREET,
OPPOSITE TRINITY-STREET.**

TO
MY WIDOWED MOTHER,
AND HER BROTHERS,
ARTHUR CRAVEN, AND THOMAS WILLIAM BARLOW, ESQUIRES,
THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED. ;

J. E. H.

PREFACE.

FOR centuries after the first inroads of the Norman barons and adventurers, and the invasion of Ireland by Henry the Second, A.D. 1175, no sort of regular order was established throughout the country; each succeeding deputy was employed in levying taxes, and raising troops to keep down the never-ending insurrections; the people, accustomed from their earliest recollections, to give submission to their various Chiefs—although those leaders, for the most part, by their faithless desertion of their country's cause, had rightly forfeited all claim to their adherence—yet the force of old habit, and the strength of old affection, made them ever ready to take the field at the call of their respective Chiefs; who, although often feigning a submission, fruitless to themselves, and injurious to their enemies, were ever on the watch to harass and annoy the very government that they themselves had subscribed to. Anarchy and confusion, Barons and Chiefs, Natives and a heterogeneous mixture of Natives and English of the pale, ever war together in the annals of those times. All countries have had their times of internal broil and national discontent; but nowhere can we find any parallel for the distracted ages, destructive to peace and ruinous to prosperity, which made the conquest of Ireland notorious among nations. Not wholly conquered, nor yet abandoned, distraction yearly increased; and when Richard the Second landed at Waterford, A.D. 1394, he was attended by an army of 4,000 men at arms, and 30,000 archers, determined as he said to finish the subjection of the Island. But the ready show of submission offered by the Chiefs, defeated this object—few indeed dared offer opposition to so numerous an army, although discontent was general; and some proud spirits, who dared not oppose, drew back to their caves and fastnesses, until the departure of the King might again give them an opportunity of harassing the English pale. Many laws, discreditable to

their originators, and injurious to British power, were in force about this period; fosterage and inter-marriages between natives and subjects of the pale—the chief bonds of union, national and social, and surest incentives to peaceful connection—were prohibited under heavy penalties; and as few of the families, either British or Native, in the neighbourhood of the pale, or along the south-eastern coast, had remained free from some such connection, the act became a prime source of disturbance.

King Richard having paraded through the centre of Ireland, with great pomp—meeting little opposition, and knighting several Chiefs—sailed for England, A.D. 1395; leaving his cousin and heir-apparent, Roger Mortimer Earl of March, Deputy. This young Lord having had many skirmishes with the natives, and evinced much courage and generosity, was killed in an encounter with the O'Byrnes—it was said, by some person who sought to avenge the death of the Chief, Mac Con, slain in a former encounter.

In 1399, Richard, outraged at the death of the Earl of March, once more undertook an expedition into Ireland; landing at Waterford, he was received by the citizens and many Chiefs, with most sycophantish submission; from thence he paraded to Kilkenny, with a great show of splendour, attended by rare minstrels, music, and rejoicing. The most influential of the Chiefs had joined the British standard; they feared to defy, and gave the false cheer and the faithless pledge—for, alas! that it should be said—often deceived, and always deceiving, they had been driven to the darkest of all human expedients; they had become thoroughly initiated in the craft of deception—nay, it had become a portion of their very beings. Their nature was not cowardly, but *intrigant*; that which would have made them glorious statesmen, fluent orators, or victorious generals—in this false position, debased them, by the appearance of cringing meanness.

Among the few who proudly held back, untempted by gaud or promise, from the invaders of their country, Donald Mac Art Mac Morrough, the head and Chief of the Hy Kinsellagh line, descended from Cahir the Great—whose ancestors had reigned over Leinster, for 1000 years—the Captain of the Kavanaghs—was the Chief who most decidedly, and in deep sorrow, stood apart from those Chiefs—friends of his fathers, who had stooped to dishonour; hurrying, with bitter contempt and passionate anxiety, from cave to castle along his mountain land, he poured his anguish to the forest rills—or, hunting in his native woods, longed to try his spear against the foe.

At length, the O'Byrnes and O'Tools, with several other daring mountain factions, rallied round their Chief; and, in an inconceivably short period, he was at the head of an intrepid and daring force—which succeeded so effectually in harassing and hunting the King's troops from the woody passes—that Richard, disheartened, raised his standard and marched for Dublin; to the very walls of which city, the kearns of Mac Morrough gave chase, breaking his ranks and disconcerting the troops. This Chief, having done all in his power, by force of arms—and seeing himself deserted, not only by many Chiefs, but by his nearest relatives—had the daring to demand a parley with some of the King's Generals, to treat of terms of peace. The Earl of Gloucester was appointed Deputy on the occasion; but so bitterly did he taunt the Chief, and so little would Mac Morrough yield, that they parted more bitter foes than ever—which the King hearing, he swore never to leave Ireland, without the Chieftain's head. But vain as all the speculations of humanity, that kingly vow remained unfulfilled; he had hardly prepared for an excursion against this formidable Captain, when advices were received from England, warning him of a conspiracy at home, and urging his hasty return. He hurried to Waterford, and having been met and defeated by Mac Morrough, on his rout, reached that city harassed and dispirited; and embarked for England, but to meet more deadly foes in his lawful subjects, and be subjected to a secret imprisonment and a mysterious death.

Placing little faith in the few particulars relative to the manners or personal appearance of Mac Morrough, which have been handed down; he, as the hero of this Poem, has been chiefly imagined from his bravery—his noble daring—and princely generosity. Nor must his personal attractions have been of any mean sort—when, as is recorded, an English heiress forfeited her fortune, and, in defiance of her country's laws, wedded this native Chief. Metrical narrative is the medium through which the principal events in our history have reached us; why then can we not find material for our songs, among our mountain legends? Why not seek to give our heroes a place amongst the spirits of the past—and in amalgamating the feelings, passions, attachments of the two nations, seek to destroy dis-union; and bring about that equality, even in their olden connection and wars which, by placing them on an even standard, must more readily unite those already almost one, in yet more faithful bonds of brotherhood and constitutional order? The feelings are the strongest allies in humanity—

laws, communities, nor individuals—not all the powers of argument, or invectives of malice, can alter the affections drawn together by that instinctive, intuitive fascination, called love !

“Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who form'd the whole,
A glory circling round the soul.”

GIAOUR.

This one theme of our Poem is but interwoven with deeds and names, to join the scattered fragments of a story. The most manly heroes of our best poets are not invulnerable to this monster of *unhappiness*. Byron makes one of his sternest heroes say,

“But this was taught me by the dove,
To die—and know no second love.

* * * * *

Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it does, in vain for me.

* * * * *

—Thou wert, thou art,
The cherish'd madness of my heart.”

Nor are our heroes, though long un-named, unworthy a more talented pen than mine, to raise them from oblivion, and name in song,

“The Chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd;
Their phalanx marshal'd on the plain,
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain,
They fell devoted but undying;
The very gale their names seemed sighing:
The waters murmur'd of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay.”

BYRON.

This long-forsaken ground is once more intruded on; not, however, that the thoughts, feelings, or actions of any of the personations in this volume are to be taken as individual representations—

Se non è vero è ben trovato, ogni madaglia ha il suo reverso.

The times of which it treats must plead for the brusquerie of the style; if this picture, faulty though it be, attach one more thought of virtue, honor, or cultivated manner, to the idea of our ancient times—exalting the social and general position of this country, at a period when it is generally reported of, as wild and barbarous, in the minds of those who may honor it with a perusal—it will have fulfilled the object of

THE AUTHOR.

DECEMBER, 1846.



THE BRIDE OF IMAEL.

CHAPTER I.

"On the mountains a thousand plumed hunters are borne,
And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn;
Yes, child of the desert! fit quarry were thou,
For the hunter that came with a crown on his brow,
By princes attended with arrow and spear—
In their white tented camp for the warfare of deer."

PROFESSOR WILSON.

Off, off! where the copsewood is bounding the dingle,
Down, down where the forest trees waving and wide,
Stretch out their bold boughs, and in grandeur
commingle,
To paint the rich tints of the dark mountain side.

On, on where the horn of the huntsman is ringing,
Away like its flight on the breath of the blast,
The fleet deer is far through the heather-bloom
springing,
The river is breasted—the brushwood is past.

B

Speed, speed, for his step by the hill side has bounded,
And in where the stream-lighted vallies are warm ;
The rocks have caught up and the hills have resounded,
To bugle note wild and to hunter's alarm.

The steeds were the bravest, the huntsmen the boldest,
That bounded along by the brushwood that day ;
Their hearts were the warmest, when skies were the
coldest—

And free were their souls as the breeze on the brae.

They knew not, they cared not, their days might be
number'd,

In love for their country they all were but one,
The pass'd and the vanish'd—the honour'd that
slumber'd,

Had lived for her glory, and yet they were gone.

The deer and the floodlets, in wild woods have faded,
The huntsman has left the lone copse and the hill,
The streak of the sun-tint the forest has shaded,
The smile of the day-god is lingering still.

On peak and on snow-cloud the red glow is shining,
On stream and on fount, like a pearl-lighted mine,
The tall mountain shade, by the valley inclining,
Flings darkness afar, where the wood-boughs
entwine.

The halls of Killowen are ringing with glee,
For the huntsmen are gathered from mountain and
lea,

With spirits as light as the red forest deer,
They hunted at matins with wolf-hound and spear ;
Aye, free as that deer in his forest wilds lying,
When 'round him the old oaken leaflets were sighing,
And glowing, as waters where sunny boughs fall,
Ev'ry heart that rings echo around that old hall.
But who gives the banquet ?—and who is the lord
Of castle and turret, and river and ford ?
His forehead is glowing—as waters that rise,
To catch and give back the deep hues of the skies ;
Now calm and serene—now intense in the shade,
That the thoughts, and the dreams that are round
him have made—

And float on the breeze the soft curls of his hair,
As dark as the midnight of thunder-fraught air—
The lip of the haughty is quiv'ring with pride,
Tho' the smile hanging round it the thought had
denied,

And the air, and the mien, and the form might
have told,

The Warrior—the idol—the prince of the world.
Or his deep hazel eye as it flashes like fire,
To the least touch that wakes his proud bosom to ire ;

Or melts to a smile, sweetly gentle and kind,
When gladness or sympathy wakes in his mind,
And sheds o'er his forehead a halo of joy,
As bright as when smiling, a gay-hearted boy.
He's a young Prince of Erin, and pure is his fame,
And bright are the laurels his virtues might claim ;
But soon must the spear of the huntsman be hung
In the hall where the armour of warriors has rung,
And the shield of red Morrogh, the axe, and the spear,
Be girt on an heir-loom as glorious, as dear—
His gay banquet hall and green vallies be left,
For the wide waving forest—his home for the cleft
In some wild rock 'mid dingles, yet still not alone—
For the hearts of his people 's that young Prince's
throne.

Whilst the laugh and the song rung the castle around,
A harp's notes of melody rose o'er the sound,
With such strains of wild pathos—the Prince from
his mirth

Has started—the wolf-dog has sprung from the
hearth,

And gazed with intensity—sought in the eye
Of Mac Morrough, if friend or if foeman was nigh—
Then he lay down and slept, for he'd look'd on the
smile,

That the fears of the wolf-hound could ever beguile.

The Prince held his breath to the magical strain
As it fainted away ; and then boldly again,
Burst in deep startling notes that amaze and depart,
Like the past hallow'd mem'ries that break on the
heart ;

And the chiefs, and the gay-hearted huntsmen were
still,

As a hush'd summer eve by some moon-lighted hill ;
As the wild ocean zephyr's becalm'd, when the roar
Of its waters no longer swell'd back from the shore :
When Donald Mac Morrough turn'd warmly aside,
And spoke with delight, and affection, and pride—

“ Mac Dermott, I never have felt as I feel,
“ Since I heard the same strain in the hall of O'Neill,
“ It's old Connel—I know it—he's nearly the last
“ Of the race of the gifted, who've sang, and have
pass'd

“ From the north to the south, and in wind and in
storm,

“ It is his to cheer up with the wild and the warm.”
Now the harper is there—ev'ry voice, ev'ry sound,
Is unbreath'd, but the hearts to the bosoms that
bound ;

For the richness of thought in his numbers is flung,
As they burst on the fancy, or fall from his tongue.
Ev'ry eye was lit up—ev'ry soul was on fire,
As his fingers rush'd on by each wild bounding wire,

And the minstrel's dark eye in its radiance was true
To the strains, and the tones, and the numbers they
drew.

"Awake my harp," he sang, "and tell,
"With all thy best of olden spell,
"Not that the mighty's left their track—
"As tho' had pass'd a blood-hound pack—
"Not that the chiefs of Innisfail
"Have e'er had hearts or souls to quail,
"Or mark'd the star of conquest rise,
"Tho' dim and dark—yet to their eyes,
"A sight portending evil doom,
"And trammell'd years, and hours of gloom;
"Nor turn'd, nor strove against the tide
"Of factious power—usurper's pride.
"No! no! I should not touch a string,
"Had I no lay but such to sing!—
"I'd cast away and harp and lyre,
"Tho' handed down to son from sire,
"Through ages—ere I'd wake a note,
"Like caged bird from captive throat!
"No! no! our Land is still our own—
"Pour out the breathings of a throne,
"Kinsellagh's Prince!—awake—arise—
"Let deeds of glory ring the skies:
"All Leinster calls thee—let thy name
"Be sung by bards that chaunt of fame.

“ Gird on thy coat of armour'd mail,
“ And laurels win for Innisfail,
“ With high-won glory bound around,
“ As she is with wide ocean bound.
“ The Britons' haughty King once more
“ Has landed on our fertile shore ;
“ With pomp and minstrelsy again,
“ His camp is pitch'd on Southern plain—
“ So heard O'Neill, and sent me forth,
“ Through the wild pathways of the North,
“ To rouse up ev'ry kearn and man
“ Belonging to his mountain clan ;
“ And when I pass'd from thence, to trace
“ My way by yonder mountain's base,
“ Where, frowning o'er a rocky steep,
“ Mackengin's Castle mocks the deep,
“ And did I with the O'Byrne fail,
“ To turn my steps through Avon's vale,
“ To where the proud and brave O'Tool,
“ And fastnesses and dingles rule !
“ Thence he when found, but bade me back
“ With speed along that mountain track
“ To thee, the starlight of our land,
“ Brave chieftain of the mighty hand,
“ And see, if in Kinsellagh's breast,
“ The seeds of ancient glories rest.”

The minstrel ceas'd—Mac Morrough's eye
Shone bright as ray of summer sky ;
Then darker grew his brow in thought,
Yet, as by inspiration caught
He smiled, and all that chieftain throng,
Smil'd praises on the minstrel's song.
“ Good harper,” spoke the Prince again,
“ We'd hear some wild melodious strain,
“ But let it be of less import,
“ Of touching, or of gentle sort :
“ Hast thou no song of lady's bower,
“ Of banquet hall, or merry hour,
“ To mingle with the wilder song,
“ That bids us join the battle throng ?
“ Yet think not that I stand apart,
“ To cast thy message from my heart ;
“ That mighty kingdom's haughty king,
“ With legions of the sweeping wing,
“ Shall find that Leinster's chief, is one,
“ His frowns shall fall as harmless on,
“ As storms on yonder rock—if all
“ Forsake my country ; if she fall,
“ I too must fall a paltry speck,
“ Amid so fair a kingdom's wreck.”
“ Well hast thou spoken noble prince,
“ It seem'd thy father's voice,

"But utter'd by his hero son,
 "To bid my soul rejoice.
"Fain would I, did it suit each ear,
"That in this banquet-hall may hear,
"Pour forth a lay, tho' sad and bold,
"That oft this minstrel tongue hath told :
"A lay that well might burn the string—
"Say, shall I touch, nor fear to sing?"
"Yea," spoke the Prince, "I'll vouch for all
"That share my board, in banquet hall ;
"There's not one here could meet my smile,
"Were evil in his heart the while—
"Or taste the wine-cup, as it flow'd,
"But when that heart with honor glow'd—
"Or smile, as all hath smil'd on thee,
"Traitor to Country, or to me."
The Minstrel's eye was on the ground,
 None saw its glow ;
He touch'd his harp, and pour'd around,
 Strains deep and low :—
"Down in a deep fair-tinted vale,
"Where pine-trees wav'd to ev'ry gale,
"There stood a battled castle, high
"It flung its turrets to the sky ;
"Wild cliffs, that but together clung,
"Above its frowning ramparts hung,

“ And look'd as tho' the lightest air
“ Had hurl'd their pond'rous masses there—
“ Behind them, rugged mountains lay
“ In curtain'd darkness stretch'd away,
“ Until they hid their shadow'd hue
“ Up in the skies of azure blue;
“ There tossing too through rock and glade,
“ Now seen, now gone, a river stray'd—
“ One moment sparkled in the sun,
“ The next ran down the glade, to shun
“ His rays, and murmur'd thro' the spot,
“ As though it would it were forgot!
“ Yet oh! so soft the gentle shade,
“ So calm the rest within that glade,
“ So still the scarc'ly murmuring brook,
“ The leaves that not a zephyr shook;
“ So sweet the little quiv'ring throats,
“ That pour'd to Heaven their richest notes—
“ One might have wish'd the world forgot,
“ All, all of Earth, but that one spot!
“ And then they might have dreamt indeed,
“ Of Earth—the glorified—the freed,
“ Where sin and sorrow might not come—
“ Where peace and rest had made their home!
“ And now, in calm and placid pride,
“ That river's pure and sparkling tide

“ Has met the waters of a lake,
“ Where nature, life, and day’s awake.
“ The heiress of that fortress home,
“ And wide domain, and rugged dome,
“ Is Kathleen of the radiant brow ;
“ Alas ! she’s sad and lonely now :
“ Her father, lord of many a keep,
“ Was yet a tributary chief ;
“ And he who held the sternest power,
“ Had bent within that maiden’s bower—
“ The chieftain of broad mountain lands—
“ In greenwood glade his castle stands,
“ And he is heir of wealth and fame,
“ Yet owns he no Milesian name !
“ And was it this that gave the scorn,
“ That on her gentle lip was born ?
“ And was it this that lit the ray,
“ That spurn’d that haughty man away ?
“ And when they bade her bind her brow
“ With jewels, for her bridal vow—
“ Say was it this that lit her cheek,
“ And gave her tongue the power to speak—
“ To speak to him who dared to chide,
“ A maiden for capricious pride ?
“ Ah no, a thought—more strong—more bold,
“ The accents of the maiden told :—

“ ‘Hush, hush,’ she spoke, and on his arm
“ ‘She plac’d a hand that might disarm
“ ‘A stronger soul, ‘You know it well,
“ ‘I loved him more than voice could tell—
“ ‘And, tho’ a stranger to my land,
“ ‘And leader of a hostile band,
“ ‘Yet was not his a noble soul,
“ ‘That might a very world control !
“ ‘Tho’ young in years, what rich success
“ ‘His every wish did seem to bless ;
“ ‘And then he died—but not on field
“ ‘Of fight, for passions, swords can wield—
“ ‘Aye ! bravely did he fall asleep,
“ ‘Nor leave one where he fell, to weep,
“ ‘But I and the elm by breezes bent,
“ ‘Above his early monument.’
“ ‘She paus’d—with cheek and forehead flush’d,
“ ‘And accents to a murmur hush’d—
“ ‘Again she breath’d ; ‘dark sanguine deed,
“ ‘Knowest, whose the soul that waits its meed !—
“ ‘Thine ! dastard ! aye, that craven look
“ ‘Shrinks thus to one thou dared not brook
“ ‘To meet—a moment canst thou think,
“ ‘This heart, so callous, should not shrink
“ ‘Not only at the slightest touch,
“ ‘But look of thine—the breath of such—

“ ‘ To know I breath’d the air you breath’d,
“ ‘ Should curse me more than e’en was wreath’d
“ ‘ Around me demon spells—yet, no !
“ ‘ I would not curse thee—worthless, go !’
“ She said, with tone that might command,
“ Pointing afar that tiny hand ;
“ And look’d—that look—ah ! who might trace
“ Its depth—straight in that proud man’s face !
“ And he, who should have flung avaunt
“ The words of him who dared to taunt,
“ Back to his teeth—whose sword had told
“ Of the stern warrior, and the bold—
“ Who never had a wish till now
“ Unwon—’twas strange to see him bow ;
“ And, ’neath the stately impassion’d ray
“ Of that dark eye, to look away !
“ And yet his father’s name was bold,
“ And crown’d with virtuous gems of old—
“ His too perchance from guilt is free,
“ Fit theme for minstrel’s minstrelsy ;
“ His heart—untainted by the strife
“ That darker passions give to life—
“ Unblemish’d by the cureless blot
“ (That tinging once, shall alter not)
“ Of blood upon the warrior’s hand—
“ Not left when rival chieftains stand

“ On battle-field—but treachery’s stain,
“ That dying once, leaves not again.”

Thus sang the Minstrel—whilst his eye
Seem’d fix’d upon the vaulted sky ;
Yet ever and anon its glance
Was cast on one ’twould seem by chance,
And yet its deep intensity
Seem’d there to linger, sorrowingly !—
One only in that merry throng
Had mark’d the Minstrel’s depth of song,
And seen on whom his eye had cast
Its sadder beaming, as it pass’d—
And many a heavy thought that bore
Upon the Prince’s heart, before,
That minstrel strain had well defin’d,
And cast in light upon his mind ;
He felt a friend he’d valued long,
The bravest of an allied throng,
The sharer of his feelings all,
The trusted one in camp and hall ;
On whom his very soul relied,
Was not the friend he’d fancied tried !
But noble minds can conquer well
The look that injur’d feelings tell,
Fling selfish thoughts for self away,
Nor dwell upon the first decay

Of truth and honor—tho' depart
The value of the trusted heart.
Yet was Mac Morrough's judgment far
Too skill'd to wage a civil war,
For Minstrel strain, or seem to hear
A breath against a name so dear ;
But tho' as wrapt in self-commune,
O'er warrior thought that hearts attune
To high-wrought hopes, of battle day,
Of glorious deed—of proud array ;
Kinsellagh spoke—and spoke to one,
Who trembled to be look'd upon ;
“ What says Mac William ! shall we stand
“ And meet this longer for our land ?
“ Or shall we to the mountain glen,
“ To gather there our marshall'd men ?
“ The while our brother chief O'Tool,
“ May gather his in wild Glencool ;
“ O'Byrne too in Glenmalure—
“ And all the chiefs that may concur
“ In this our plan.” Then gazing round
That flowing board—Kinsellagh found
No eye amid the rev'llers there,
With *one* the words he spoke might share.
Then said, “ Mac William ! Well thou knowest
“ How much thy Prince of friendship owest


•

“ To one—who e’en in banquet hall,
“ Can list unmoved the wine-cups call,
“ And mirth where friends in gladness are
“ To hear but darksome plans of war.”
“ Now give thy friendship words and speak—
“ Not garbled trash, but thoughts I seek ;
“ The dark Mac Con like mountain ledge,
“ Has lent us not one firmer pledge,
“ Than that, that slippery ledge had given,
“ To bird in battling whirlwinds driven ;
“ And though we know the darksome hate,
“ He bears the Saxon in debate—
“ Yet fickle as the changing breeze
“ By thunders borne along the seas ;
“ We know not, but this very hour,
“ He joins the boasting Britain’s power,
“ Forgetful of his murder’d son—
“ Forgetful of their battles won—
“ And heedless that our very hands,
“ Had given him back his barter’d lands.
“ Methought that thou hadst once the power
“ To guide him in his wildest hour,
“ To conquer temper’s rising swell,
“ And every wayward passion quell.”
The while he spoke, Mac William’s hand
Was trembling on the jewell’d band

•

That held his broad-sword to his side,
And blanch'd his quiv'ring lip of pride—
For truth and honor, friendship's name,
Were struggling with one thought of shame!
He could have knelt upon the ground,
And ev'ry inmost thought unwound—
He could have pour'd forth ev'ry grief,
And sought that gen'rous heart's relief—
But something stubborn still rebelled,
And words he fain would speak withheld.
Mac Morrough ceas'd—Mac William turn'd
Aside, to quell the thoughts that burn'd
Within, yet vainly still essay'd
To crush the quiv'ring pain that prey'd
Upon his heart; he knew the tale
The Minstrel told, led like a trail
Upon his track—he saw the tide
Of doubt arise, no more relied
His Prince—yet vainly did he seek
To calm his throbbing soul, and speak
He flung it wide, the grating door—
He started down the vaulted floor,
With temples bared unto the breeze
That murmur'd from the thicket trees,
And heaving breath, that came and went,
He paced the ancient battlement,

With passion'd soul—yet still the pride
Of his stern fathers cast aside
The thoughts he wish'd one moment told ;
And then he stood, the calm, the cold—
He knew not all that moment past,
Upon his warrior fame should cast,
Of seeming guilt—at any time,
He thought to ring the ancient chime
Of trust, and blot out and efface,
Each dark suspicions dusky trace,
Upon his Prince's mind—yet, no !
He hoped it yet, it was not so !
Pride almost cost, what none can give,
The richest boon we feel, and live—
Untarnish'd honor, prized even then,
The proudest vaunt of martial men !



CHAPTER II.

"Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought."

MOORE.

'Twas morning, and the wavelets bright,
Were dancing, and their hues of green,
All strew'd with sunny gems of light,
Were glitt'ring in their brightest sheen,
When music, floating on the breeze,
Came sweeping o'er the distant seas.

The sun had scarcely warm'd the sky,
Or glitter'd on the forest tree ;
The lark just flutter'd up on high,
When burst their strains of minstrelsy ;
And gallies proud, whose banners flew,
Were floating on the waters blue.

Trumpet and clarion rung afar,
A monarch's name, and chieftains now
Must gather round them signs of war,
Or to the boasting conqu'ror bow,
Meet him with welcome's sunny smile,
The wrong'd heart, hating all the while.

King Richard sat within his tent,
Around him courtiers stood,
The morning of the second day,
Since he had mark'd the sunbeams play
Upon the Ocean flood,
That girds our Shamrock Island round,
And rest amid its waters found.

" Well, noble friends, how goes it now,
" With yonder wayward throng ?
" In truth it is a goodly show,
" To see their uncouth garments flow—
" To mark them move along,
" More like the kings of boundless lands,
" Than humbled slaves in suppliant bands ?

" Eh ! Glo'ster, say, how goes it now ?
" How doest the baubles please ?
" Think'st thou they'll dare again oppose

“ The armies of their fancied foes,
“ Or war with our decrees ?
“ How ! ” spoke the King, “ a darken’d brow !
“ What stain is on our glory, now ? ”

“ Nay honour’d Sire, I did but grieve
“ Thy thought, that this rude land,
“ Thou’dst conquer’d—to dispel from thee ;
“ For, mark me ! ere they bend or flee,
“ They’ll make a fearful stand—
“ And hieing round in crowds, like bees,
“ They’ll hide them in the forest trees.

“ Mac Morrough spurns thy threats with scorn,
“ And minions sends afar,
“ To gather from the rock sides wild,
“ To gather where the hills are piled,
“ His minions for the war,
“ With kearns countless, swift and free,
“ To hurl their darts at thine and thee.”

“ What ! is it so, and is it thus ?
“ Their words are weightless chaff ; ”
“ They’ll come around thy banquet board,
“ They’ll praise the wine thy hand hath pour’d,
“ And health and honors quaff—

“ Then turn them to each wood and glen,
“ For war, to gather warlike men.”

“ But be it so—I’ll force the fools
“ To meet on battle field ;
“ Not long methinks their kearns light
“ Shall stand before my armies’ might—
“ And when the recreants yield,
“ I’ll teach them that a kingdom’s power
“ Is not the play-toy of an hour.”

Then spoke De Burgh, “ I pray my liege,
“ A moment’s gracious ear—
“ There is a chieftain still, whose name
“ Was ever first of warrior fame ;
“ Yet now it’s rumour’d here,
“ He’s broken with the rebel band,
“ And sworn against them, heart and hand—

“ Methinks ’twere well to seek his aid,
“ As quickly as may be,
“ For much his fame throughout the land—
“ His castle too might well withstand
“ Our arms or mastery ;
“ ’Twere better far to have him our’s,
“ Than leaguer’d with the rebel pow’rs.”

"Well spoken," said the Lord Glenlyon,
A noble British peer ;
"But I would add, my gracious Sire,
"That deep and bitter is his ire
"Against the lordlings here :
"Who then might dare, through this rude land,
"To bear thy order or command ?"

"Good sooth, I know not," spoke the King,
"I would not venture one
"Of my brave liegemen, for a host
"Of those, their waving banners boast,
"Were kingdoms to be won !
"And yet, perchance some isle-born lord
"Might better with the Chief accord."

The King had scarcely ceas'd, when forth,
A Knight but yet a youth,
Stept from the warriors—bent the knee,
In rev'rence low—then haughtily,
As Milesius in truth,
Proffer'd his services, to bear
The King's command with speed and care !

Kilkenny's banners flaunted bold,
To welcome Richard by the wold—

The while the sounds of merriment
Were ringing from the Monarch's tent !—
Mac Morrough in his deep wood glen,
Was gathering his Dalgais men ;
And planning, 'with a statesman's art,
The stratagems of war—depart,
The lightest shadows, ere that came,
Of yielding to a Monarch's name—
Then leaving to O'Byrne's hand,
The guiding of the gath'ring band,
Where bold Dunlavin's Castle's shade
Was black upon the woody glade—
Ere yet he call'd them to the strife,
The battle-field of death and life,
Where swell'd a foaming river's tide ;
He hurried down the dingle side,
Where proudly Connel Abbey stood,
In grandeur by the rippling flood,
To seek the holy Abbot's pray'r,
Before his reeking sword shall dare
The girded foe, the battling throng,
That sweep and crowd his hills among !
Morning dawneth—he alone
Listens to the breezes moan—
Hears the vesper strain afar,
Sweet as angel voices are ;

Not a single jarring sound,
As the breezes sweep around,
Where the placid river's waves
Every wooded inlet laves—
Connel's ancient Abbey pile,
Sending forth its chaunt the while—
“ Ah ! ” he sigh'd, “ It may not be,
“ Calm and peace are not for me.”
Now the Chief unmoors his bark,
Out upon the waters dark ;
As it sweeps adown, awake
Every bush, and brier, and brake,
Pouring forth a choral strain,
Echo'd o'er the stream again.
Soft and sweet that melody,
Hush'd as music from the sea,
Coming o'er the waters far,
Oh ! how dear such murmurings are—
Dear the blackbird's whistling note,
With the quiv'ring linnet's throat !
On the brave Mac Morrough's ear,
Like a dream surpassing, dear,
Came those sounds across the wave,
Sighing o'er his childhood's grave—
All his bright years past and gone,
He within the world alone !

“ Abbey Connel, fare thee well,”
Sigh’d the Chieftain, as the spell
Of departed days and years
Nearly burst the fount of tears,
Sear’d by harsh and stern command,
Warfare to uphold his land.
“ Fare thee well ! I may no more
“ Stand upon thy shingle shore,
“ Feel thy holy Abbot’s hand,
“ Laid upon the golden band
“ That mocks this weary brow of mine,
“ Calling down the aid divine.”
Now he’s reach’d the nearest shore,
Sigh’d and on his steed once more ;
Swiftly, with a chosen few,
Each the secret dingle knew,
Turn’d to trace his weary way,
Eastward, where his army lay.
Evening, with its dusky hour,
Came, and all its magic pow’r—
All the sun’s bright hues had set,
Tho’ the charm was round them yet—
When a wolf-dog’s startled cry
Told their needed rest was nigh.
What ! within his liegeman’s hall,
Saxon foemen—armour—all

That bespoke them such, were there—

What! and matrons, haughty, fair!

“Wherefore, why is this?” he cried,

“O’Byrne, am I then defied?”

“Nay, my Sire, nay, not so!

“To thy doubts I answer, no!

“But I cannot tell thee all,

“Save there’s Saxons, in the hall—

“Thou hast need of resting now,

“Pray thee, calm thy ruffled brow.’

“Hold thy rash taunt O’Byrne—my brow

“May well be dark; but on

“With thy recital—far too deep

“And weary are my thoughts for sleep,

“And as the morrow’s dawn

“Must see me o’er the wilds away,

“On with thy speech, and speed I pray.”

“But yester eve I passed alone,

“And in no gentle mood;

“(For racking thoughts I ponder’d on,

“Feeling our cause, if thou wer’t gone,

“Was lost); through yonder wood,

“When lo! a clarion hurried past,

“Its deepest tones upon the blast.

“ ’Twas strange—yet no, it was not thee,

“ I knew thy note too well.

“ And hasting through the copse away,

“ Just in the hour of twilight gray,

“ I reach’d yon covert dell,

“ And listing breathless, heard afar

“ The tramp and neigh of steeds of war :

“ The sound to arms the Castle rung,

“ The drawbridge too was rais’d,

“ When looking for a martial foe,

“ But damsels’ guarded steeds below,

“ I saw, and all amazed,

“ Heard warder for the Saxon claim

“ A resting and in thy good name.

“ Wearied they were, and this their tale,

“ King Richard gave command,

“ The ladies of his camp should be,

“ But resting at some monast’ry

“ Escorted by a band

“ Of chosen knights, to wait his stay

“ In guarded city far away.

“ But widely their untutor’d guide,

“ Had turn’d them from their way,

“ And seeking for the monast’ry,
“ He found them but intricacy,
“ So wearied with delay ;
“ They sought our hospitable hall
“ For shelter, ere the evening’s fall.”

The Prince’s brow was deeply bent,
His eye too flashed its fire,
As coldly, sternly, he tried
To quell the throbbing of his side,
But oh ! his bosom’s rising ire
Was tempting, dreadful in that hour,
He felt so much was in his power.

O’Byrne saw the darksome strife,
That ting’d Kinsellagh’s brow—
Yet still he spoke—“ And my good faith,
“ That those young lords be free from scath
“ Or harm, is pledg’d, even now ;
“ So good, my liege, it must be so—
“ I would not now that word for’go.”

“ Enough, enough,” Mac Morrough spoke,
“ The Saxon hounds are free ;
“ Yet all the blood of all my race,
“ All my lost country’s past disgrace,
“ Call loudly, call to me ;

"Yet shall they meet nor hurt, nor harm,
"Tho' even now they must disarm.

"Now question not my word, O'Byrne,
 "I speak not, but command—
"Away, prepare the northern tower,
"And ere the bell doth chime an hour,
 "Let none be there to brand,
"This, as the homestead of the foe,
"Go! trust thy prince—What! sayst thou No."

"Methinks thou heardest not aright;
 "But courtly dames are there,
"With some few knights, mere stripling boys,
"And pages with their trapping toys,
 "On palfrey's deck'd with care—
"And has my liege, not known or heard,
"An oath is in O'Byrne's word."

"Away! nor rouse the lion's ire,
"Have I not granted thy desire,
"That they are free—my word is thine,
"And now that brief command of mine
"Just spoken—see thee it is done,
"Aye, ere an hour's sand hath run."
Then flinging off his sword and shield,
That ready for the battle field,

He ever wore, and wrapping round
His mantle, he upon the ground
Has sunk, with weariness oppress'd,
And care, to seek a transient rest :
But thoughts came crowding thick and fast,
Like morning meteors sweeping past,
While others hurried on the brain,
With that cold chill, that coming pain
May cast before, or dismal thought !
For if there is a moment fraught
With gloom—it's when we court in vain,
And wearied turn, and seek again,
Oblivion for the present throng
Of memories that drag along
The o'er-wrought mind, against the will,
Each moment thronging thicker still.
Thought with thought clashing—oh ! how vain,
To trace the myst'ries of the brain,
The hidden sources of its pow'r—
To gather in one passing hour,
The cares, and pains, and agonies,
And pleasant thoughts and memories,
With all their actings on the heart,
Their shadows coming to depart—
In glimpses but a moment seen,
Like sunny shades of rainbow green !

Wrapt in the cave where memory dwells,
With all its wonder-working spells,
Mac Morrough lay, and wand'ring far
In thought, swept o'er the field of war—
The tramping steeds—the rustling throng
Of armour'd Knights—the Minstrel's song,
Heard now and then, amid the din
Of crowds that gather'd rushing in,
Where deep the fight raged furiously,
With war and hate's intensity !
A moment—and he felt the glow
Of conquest to his temples flow—
But, it was but a transient tide
Of all the hero feels of pride ;
And dimly seen, the plane is there—
That conquer'd battle plane—but where
Earth's warmest hearts from wood and glen ?
When may they meet to fight again ?
Now o'er the statesman-like Mac Art,
Truth came, and duty in his heart
Has quell'd the thirst for name or pow'r,
Won by so dread or drear an hour—
As field-set battle must be lost,
Against the well-train'd countless host,
That form'd the foe—and ere he slept,
The Warrior for his country wept !

The mid-day's glowing sun was set
High in the heavens, and faintly stream'd
Its beams, where low reclining yet,
In darksome tower, a maiden dream'd ;
But as the light in radiance fell,
And gleam'd the loophole sill between,
She 'woke—departed all the spell,
Came grief, where joyous dreams had been :
A many another form was there,
And faces that she loved and knew,
By fortune hardly tried, and true,
They'd cared not how or where
The pathway led—their lords were near,
To bless them for each care and fear.

In truth she was too beautiful,
To bloom 'mid earthly flow'rs,
Too trusting in her gentleness,
Too purely innocent, to bless
So dark a world as our's.
A Saxon—for her yellow hair
Falls down like rings of gold,
And eyes as heaven blue, and meek,
The fringes falling to her cheek
From ruder eyes enfold.

She started, as the forest fawn,
That trembles at the sound
Of jarring voice, or stranger tone,
(For in the world she felt alone)
And sadly look'd around.
Imprison'd in a stranger land,
With those the fond and true ;
And oh ! the wild wild fancy dreams,
The fairy legends of the streams,
And hills so cold and blue.
The darker stories too, of deeds,
As daring as their times,
Were saddening to her heart, and chill ;
When softly burst by rising hill,
The sweet low vesper chimes :
She started, hark ! the clanging tread
Of Warrior rung the stair ;
In agony she press'd her hands
Above her eyes, and there she stands,
The image of despair !
That step did burst like thunder storm,
Upon her trembling frame ;
And with one moment's draught of thought,
Her mind hath fancied, and hath caught,
The terror of his name.

The savage look—the piercing eye—
The awful in command—
The form and frame of mighty mould,
The callous heart, the stern and cold,
The monster sword and hand.
'Twas terrible to stand and hear
The footfalls one by one,—
With lips that dared not breathe a tone,
And forehead chill'd as marble stone,
As she—that step come on.
But scarcely had her fingers met,
Above the sweeping fringe
That hid the tearful orbs within,
When tones that sterner hearts might win,
Call'd back the roseate tinge
To her fair cheek, and on her brow
And lip amazement hung ;
For proudly noble at her side
He stood—his country's boast and pride,—
And speaking Saxon tongue.

He bow'd—the mildest courtesy
In every glance was seen ;
His dark eye scann'd them one by one,
Yet glow'd not, till it fell upon
Fair Nina's gentle mien.

Her beauty came upon his heart,
A glow of light from heaven,
And deeply shrined within his breast;
For ever shall that image rest,
Till life's declining even.

He spoke, how courteously and kind,
"Sweet lady, thou art free;
'Thy steeds stand ready in the yard;
"Unscath'd, unharm'd, thy knightly guard,
"Awaiting but for thee.

"A rude repast is spread below,
"If thou perchance may'st share;
"All that our forest wilds afford,
"And mead, our cellar's only hoard,
"Alas! but homely fare."

From brief repast, with joy and speed,
And noble dame and knight
Are bounding down the forest, free,
By dark morass and dusky lea,
Nor tremble in their flight.

A Warrior, like an arrow's shaft,
Did leave the dingle side;

And seizing Nina's palfrey's rein,
On ! onward urged him down the plane,
And by the sparkling tide.

She felt it was the Dalgais Chief,
Yet did not tremble ; fear
His sweet hush'd voice had charm'd away,
And vision'd terrors round her lay—
No more when he was near.

Now murmur'd accents deep and low,
Upon her spirit fell :
“ Lady ! I've boldly laid aside
“ Revenge and fame, to be your guide
“ Adown this darksome dell.

“ My people scent your very track,
“ Yet little dream the hand
“ That leads thy palfrey down the wild,
“ Gives safty to a Saxon's child—
“ The foeman of their land.

“ Yet oh ! the charm was all too pure !
“ Sweet lady, when I'm gone,
“ Say wilt thou ever cast a thought
“ On one, whose life a ray has caught
“ From thee—earth's brightest one.

“ The world may tell thee harsher things,
“ And worse than ever yet,
“ Mac Morrough’s name hath branded—still,
“ Its basest words can give no ill,
“ Since thou and I have met !

“ Now from thy heart, thy mind, thy thought,
“ Can only judgment be ;
“ For all the truth that earth can give,
“ Are in these words,—belov’d, I live,
“ For ever but for thee.

“ This morning’s bright and burning sun
“ Arose on thee and me,
“ Without one sympathy to bind,
“ This heart or spirit to its kind,
“ In cords of unity.

“ My country was my very star,
“ My idol, and my all,
“ Her glory was the brightest theme,
“ That ever fill’d my fancy’s dream,
“ Her freedom was my call.

“ When beautiful as seraph’s orb,
“ You shone upon my soul ;

“ And it that was as dark as night,
“ Became resplendent, from the light,
“ That from thy lashes stole.

“ And we must part!—Oh! raise thine eyes,
“ And by one glance confess
“ The fate that I must ever feel—
“ Thy giving or for woe or weal,
“ And either one I'll bless!”

No word she spoke—her eyes were rais'd—
Their fringes droop'd with tears;
Yet did that single glance impart,
A depth of gladness to his heart
Her bosom swells, he hears.

“ Mine own,” he murmur'd, “ ever more,
“ Where'er that spot may be,
“ Ill bear this moment's bliss along,
“ And scorn the world and all its throng,
“ With that one dream of thee!”

He press'd that gentle hand of her's
Close, close within his own;
His soul unto that hand was given,
They parted—hope was almost riven—
She look'd, and he was gone!

Oh ! human feelings, who can tell,
The moment that may cast a spell
Of varied shades and tinges new,
Each shadow to the other true ;
Around thee, for a moment's space,
May all the light of years efface,
Thy spring-time joys, thy summer glee,
When life was all a garden, free
From aught but bright and brilliant flow'rs,
Blooming along our waking hours !
Such is the moment, when we cast
Upon the stream that eddies past,
Within hope's fragile bark enshrin'd,
The pent up treasures of the mind.
Such was the charm a moment wrought,
And to the gentle Nina brought,
That time of anxious thought and pain,
We dread, yet to the spirit strain :
Kinsellagh, with his jetty hair
In long wild curls, beside her there,
And deep soft eyes above her set,
She fancied gazing on her yet.
She'd met him when her atmosphere
Of life, was nought but woe and fear—
A stranger, when the heart was chill
With dark foreboding thoughts of ill,

He, whom her heart was ever led
To hear of, think of, but with dread
Aye, thus they met, but other change,

A moment o'er her feelings flung,
Tho' beautiful, yet wildly strange,

They were as rainbow tinges strung,
From tints of elemental strife,
To call the peace of earth to life.
For on her soul of fear and dread,

The bow of peace in brightness rose,
And those dread eyes but gladness shed,

As rainbow on the world, repose ;
And has she every feeling cast,
In love for him, her first and last !
When morning 'woke her to the world,

Her heart pour'd deeply, pour'd a pray'r ;
Yet ere the evening mists had curl'd,

Their chill amid the sunny air—
She could have bow'd her down and wept,
That heaven so well her pray'r had kept.
Now within the convent shade,
Floats the mattins serenade ;
Nina there is stealing by,
Where the placid waters lie
Far along the golden sand,
Rippling on the pebb'l'd strand ;

Hush ! the harp's soft strains awake,
On the ripples as they break,
And a gentle plaintive lay,
Floats along the distant bay,
Sweet the voice, and sweet the strain,
Full of gladness—full of pain.

SONG.

Tho' the world be cold and cheerless,
Still shall I be bold and fearless,
Remember'd by thee
Purest, brightest, holiest, seeing
Ever round my pathway fleeing,
Mavourneen Machree.

When the battle shafts are flying,
Near me, even tho' I'm dying,
Still shall I see,
In the rolling smoke and thunder,
Where the clouds are rent in sunder :
Mavourneen Machree.

Wilt thou—yes I know you will,
Think of me beloved still ;
Parted tho' we be,
One in soul, in spirit meeting,
Careless of earth's fortunes fleeting,
Mavourneen Machree.

On the breeze the notes have died,
Darker rolls the flowing tide,
Sparkling with the gems that float,
Sunny ray, and many a boat,
With their every color'd sails,
Flapping to the gentle gales.
From the shore has Nina gone,
Deeply will she ponder on,
Gentle voice, and gentle lay,
By the zephyrs borne away ;
Ah ! how bright her cheek and eye
As that lay had pass'd her by.

CHAPTER III.

"And solitude in a dark cave,
Where all things hush'd and silent be,
Resembleth so the quiet grave,
That there I would prepare to flee,
With death, that hourly waits for me."

COTTON.

He is here by the fall of the sunlighted stream,
He is treading the woods by the forest-boughs gleam,
He's the lord of Glenally, the prince of Glenlee,
The high-born heir of the haughty Tralee.
He's a noble of Nature's—and gentle, and kind
Is his soft summer voice, yet as wild as the wind,
And as deep as the tempest, when rending the sky,
That voice when it urges to battle or die.
His wild waving curls of the oaken trees brown,
Are floating in masses his armour adown,
Or cling to his forehead expansive and fair,
Still calm in its beauty—unruffled by care.

Since childhood he'd dwelt far away from his land,
The glens that had nurtur'd his ancestor band,
Alone in the wide world surrounded by those,
That only clung closer, as greatness arose ;
The fawning, the minion of wealth or renown,
That should vanish like air, did his bright star go
down ;

Thou fav'rite—thou idol—of coronetted brow,
Thou courted of princes—where rovest thou now !
He has heard of a Sybil that dwells in the hills,
In a cabin far hung, amid torrents and rills,
A creature of mystery looking before,
And telling strange wonders of ages of yore.
And stealing away from carousal and song,
The music and mirth of that care-drowning throng,
That jar'd on his soul, for he trembled—what ill
May it bear to the country he worshipeth still ;
For he comes in the train of the Monarch, the King,
And has turn'd from the false sounding bards, for
they sing,

In high praise of the lords and the retinue gay,
And of humbling of chieftains, that bend to betray.
He trod up a mountain path, shadowy, green,
Yet seem'd not as stranger that never had been,
Along the wild hill side, the rock shadow'd dell,
His step, was a step, that knew mountain paths well.

In boyhood, the red deer he'd chas'd o'er the lea,
When his heart was as light, and his spirit as free,
And he had been there too, in manhood's young
prime,

When his boyhood was flitting on pinions of time.
When he'd join'd the gay train of proud Mortimer's
heir,

Young Roger of March (that a spirit so rare,
Should pass, as his passed, like a meteor, a ray
Just burst into light, scarce the bloom of a day !
Alas ! we might pause o'er the young hero's doom,
And weave with his virtues a wreath for his tomb,
Courageous, high-minded, unflinchingly brave,
Amid conquest and glory, he found him a grave.)

And now he is here in the train of a King,
Whose spears by the vallies of Erin shall ring,
A King who was welcom'd with greeting and song,
His riches enough for the voice of the throng.
But was their no other attraction to call
The young Lord of Glenally, where dark waters fall !
But the Sybil that told of the future with signs,
And spoke of strange wonders, and symbols, and
lines,

Or was there a fate still more dear than his own,
That lent such a spell to dark mystery's tone !

He has pass'd up the copse, by the wild waterfall,
The castle that totter'd, the ivy clad wall,—
With mountains around him, the far distant sea
Before him, beneath the deep valley and lea
He stood—it was there, 'neath the bold hanging rock,
The roof-tree of many a wild mountain flock—
The home of old Eva, her palace, her hall ;
'Twas a cleft in the mountain, the rude rock its wall,
Its roof the wild rushes that grew 'mid the heath,
With the fern and the shrubs in the valley beneath—
The green shamrock sod by its doorway was seen,
As fresh as no footstep had trampled its sheen ;
Since the breath of young spring-time its blooming
 had lent,

Whilst by it all baseless the mountains were bent,
She had liv'd there, unheeded, uncared for, alone—
Till her age seem'd a wonder, so old had she grown !
The Sybil—the teller of evil and good—
'Twas said she had woven her spells from the flood
That roar'd at the base of her wild rocky home,
Whose shade seem'd above its dark waters to gloam,
And strange wonders had bought from the powers of
 the air,
That in whirlwind and tempest oft talk'd with her
 there !—

The youth plac'd his hand on the symbol-carv'd latch
Of the rude wattle doorway, half hid by the thatch,

Then pausing, withdrew it—he could not control
The throbbing emotions half bursting his soul !
The gleam of his eye, ah ! so fitful, so rare,
Told well what contending emotions were there ;
’Twas thrice he had pass’d from the doorway in vain,
And thrice he had turn’d to its threshold again,
Yet still had not enter’d—and trembling and pale,
“ Oh ! I never had thought thus my courage should
fail,”

He murmur’d, “ My Kathleen, my own one, my
best,—

“ If I hear, ’mid the tombs of your fathers you
rest—

“ If I hear, in the years that have pass’d since we
met,

“ That the sun of thy young life for ever hath set—

“ That the one who had given ought ought but to
save

“ Thy young heart from a pang, has but won thee
a grave—

“ Oh ! why did I leave thee, unknowing my name—

“ Or thy eye might have watch’d o’er thy young
lover’s fame ;

“ Nor deem’d him the faithless that thou must have
deem’d,

“ Whilst fickle, and worthless, and reckless he seem’d !

“ But away with this trembling, thou son of Tralee,
“ What worth is the voice of a Sybil to thee ?”

And now he has stept to the rude threshold stone,
And now he stands there in the cabin alone—
No mystic spells hung from its cold lonely walls,
Save the damp, down their ruggedness slowly that
crawls—

No seemings for terror—no shadows to scare—
A rough block alone and a straw couch was there,
And a few flick’ring embers that glow’d on the hearth,
’Twas a sod from the mountain-side’s dark turfy
earth ;

The young noble gaz’d wond’ring, and wond’ring, he
thought,

“ Could aught by its dweller of magic be taught,
“ What a wild spot for one of this earth to abide,”
He whisper’d—a dark form stood by his side—
The Sybil—the Witch of the Mountains was there,
And hanghty, and earthless, and strange was her air,
And harsh was the sound of her voice as she spoke,
As of being from realms of wonders awoke.

“ What would’st thou, son of the land of pow’r,
“ What would’st thou here in my wintry hour,
“ What would’st thou of one who hates thy land,
“ What would’st thou, one of a cursed band ?—

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“ You’d ask, I ween, the powers of air,
“ What Erin holds most bright and rare—
“ That strangers’ feet might tread them down,
“ Or place those gems in England’s crown ?
“ I am a daughter of the race
“ Of Erin’s princes ! See this place—
“ And say, is aught of comfort here,
“ To make this scanty covering dear ?
“ And yet, were earth more dark and cold,
“ A thousand times, than fate has told
“ To me—young Lord, I’d rather cling
“ To even the most worthless thing
“ My country holds—than win from thee
“ The praise of mine iniquity !
“ These rocks—these barren peaks and cold,
“ I barter not for scorn and gold—
“ Depart !—seek not one Sybil word,
“ That were in vain by mortal heard—
“ Of midnight power, of sweeping breath,
“ It were the direful sound of death !
“ Could I call down such fate, I’d crush
“ Thy Monarch, in his very flush
“ Of fame, and sweep for aye aside,
“ Him and his country’s hated pride !
“ Go then, young soldier, go ! no more,
“ Come seeking witches’ envied lore ;

“Nor were it well to dare again

“Pass up yon valley’s woodland plane.”

Strange emotions arose in the young Prince’s mind,
And a feeling of something he felt undefined,
As old Eva was grieving her country’s decay,
And the proffers that lure, and may tempt to betray;
Yet her last words of bitterness cast them aside,
And the cheek of the lordling is glowing with pride:
Yet the scorn on his lip, ere he reach’d the rude door,
Was gone, and he murmur’d, “Nay, fear me no
more—

“I left yon proud camp, as they revell’d at noon,

“To seek out thy cottage, to ask thee a boon,

“For the sake of a name that thy heroes revere,

“Of a Prince, whose last scion but sought for the
Seer”—

While he spoke thus, above him the sunbeams were
playing,

And brightly and soft through the door-way were
straying,

And the eyes of the Sybil seem’d fix’d in their glare,
Till he said the young heir of her Prince’s was there;
When starting in extacy, wildering, wild,
And sobbing, she murmur’d, “My darling, my
child,”

And the Lord of Glenally his arms has flung,
Where in babyhood often in gladness they hung ;
And oh ! 'twas a sight for the cold world to see,
The old wither'd crone—the young Prince of Glenlee !
Her arms around him in extacy press'd—
He, sobbing, as early days rose in his breast !
'Twas the nurse who had watch'd o'er his infancy's
year—

Who had lov'd and caress'd, when no other was
near—

Who had doated on—wept o'er—and griev'd him,
when gone—

'Twas her he found thus, in the wide world alone !
Oh ! how much will hearts sever'd for years have
to pour—

What sorrows long hidden, what griefs to deplore—
To the ear that but gathers new pangs in each sigh,
And new joy when the hopes of the loved are high !
And oh ! what a fond heart, long frozen and seal'd
From the cold world, the touch of affection reveal'd,
For the orphan—the fosterling child of her care,
With his smile, bright as boyhood, dispell'd her
despair ;

And tho' sorrow must come with recital of grief,
Yet oh ! it was a coveted, long'd for relief,

To pour out the burden her spirit had borne,
And feel that she'd liv'd till she was not forlorn !
And the young, and the proud hearted Prince of
Glenlee

Forgot all the man, and felt fancy as free
As in bright happy childhood, and gazed on the brow
Of his fond foster-mother as doatingly now,
Altho' wither'd and sear'd by the dark hand of sorrow,
As she tries from his young smile some gladness to
borrow,

As when clasping her neck, in his days of young
love,

He had felt her affection as sent from above !
She told him her sorrows, their darkness the while,
Was fading away to the light of his smile :—

“ King Richard landed—then I had a home
“ In our own valley, where in days of old,
“ The brightness of the heavens shone on no dome
“ That rose above a heart more pure or bold,
“ Than his, my son ; how many a tale he told,
“ Beneath that cottage roof ; there by his side,
“ The wood pile blazing on the hearth—how cold,
“ How desolate we were when thou wert taken,
“ To meet but jesting for thy kingdom shaken !

- “ But grief availeth not—and as I said,
“ Proud Britain’s Monarch stood upon our shore,
“ And many a gaudy banner he displayed,
“ And glittering were the gems his courtiers wore,
“ A sumptuous board was spread with choicest store
“ Of dainty things our country might not boast;
“ And many a badge the Island Chieftain wore,
“ Told of his yielding to the haughty band
“ That throng’d with warfare to his native land !
- “ Some thought alone of calming factious broil,
“ And saving bloodshed to the land belov’d,
“ In yielding, lest the stranger might despoil—
“ A vain submission, mock’d at, though approv’d !
“ Others but humbl’d, where they still but mov’d,
“ Some plan to shake the conquerors from their land,
“ Alas ! how madly and how ill it prov’d,
“ We know too well—that struggle to withstand
“ A nation’s power, by so weak a hand.
- “ But some there were that gave up freedom’s cause,
“ That join’d but scorn, aye, with their Chieftain’s
name—
“ That bent them but to win a King’s applause,
“ Above the working of their country’s shame !

“ Such was the traitor—such his worthless fame,
“ That gave up all his father’s swords retain’d,
“ All for the vaunted boast of titled name ;
“ The loss a country’s freedom lightly gain’d
“ By yon proud King, and hearts that lov’d him pain’d.

“ In those broad lands his fathers ruled, I dwelt ;
“ They came and brought me to King Richard’s
tent ;

“ Yet such the bitterness of soul I felt,
“ Till there, I knew not where my steps were bent,
“ Yet not one feeling in my heart was rent,
“ By all their sumptuousness, their vain parade,
“ That bound me to my land ; I could have went
“ To battle for her, in war’s arms array’d,
“ Nor in its wildest moments felt afraid.

“ Yet did I for a moment own his sway,
“ Tho’ not for country or for home I bow’d,
“ But for the sake of one, then far away,
“ Now, sleeping wrapt within a nameless shroud !
“ And thus much sure to Nature was allow’d,
“ A mother’s terror for an only son,
“ Who—passion working in his spirit proud—
“ Had left her ere the warfare had begun,
“ To feel on earth alone ere set of sun.

- “ Yet now to think I humbled costs me pain,
“ For *he* came not again, my earthly stay !
“ Awhile was madness raging in my brain,
“ And then I wander'd from old scenes away,
“ To where the owl amid dark ruins, grey
“ With years of sun and storm, had built its nest ;
“ Or down to the sea-shore, where foaming spray
“ In madden'd fury dash'd where some rock's crest
“ Frown'd dark and stern above the broad sea's breast.
- “ And then methought me, when my own deep grief
“ Had left my brain, a dream that was not his,
“ That yet my sorrow might have one relief—
“ For aye I hop'd for e'en an hour like this !
“ It's hard to know what life's worst anguish is,
“ What pang so great, the heart could bear no more ?
“ What passions bursting on our hours of bliss,
“ Should rend us from the world so bright before,
“ Nor leave us power to murmur or deplore ?
- “ I ask'd in soldier's hall and camp of thee ;
“ Yet none could tell me, save, thou wert not there ;
“ And darker yet the world became to me,
“ Chill'd by the bitterness of want and care ;
“ And must I battle with my heart's despair,
“ I thought—no human being to possess

- “ A kindred feeling, for the griefs that wear
“ The heart within, or feel a joy the less,
“ Or shed one tear above my soul's distress.
- “ So turn'd I from the world, in harden'd woe,
“ And chose this rugged home of Nature's own;
“ Here could I live, nor feel the dreaded foe,
“ Nor hear the grating sound of foreign tone,
“ But dwell in silent solitude, alone;
“ And so I've liv'd, and low-born minds have found
“ A charm of mystery I did not own,
“ Link'd with my name—and darksome magic wound
“ In even the heather wreath my fingers bound.”
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CHAPTER IV.

"The skies are blue, the moon reclines
Above the silent grove of pines,
As if devoid of motion;
The ivied abbey frowns forlorn,
And stillly to the ear are borne
The murmurs of the ocean."

DELTA.

Adown a vale, where mountains high,
Flung torrent streamlets rushing by,
A courted Knight on mettled steed,
With high toss'd neck, from curbing freed,
Rode swiftly in the twilight hour;
Ere yet the sun resign'd his power,
He flung a many a glorious die
Among the clouds that ting'd the sky,
And many a tint and witching shade
That sunset on their fringes made,
They only caught to fling again,
In softer tints on hill and plane—

Earth's loveliest hour!—yet on he rode,
Nor saw how Nature thrill'd and glow'd
On stream and rock, on tree and flower,
On rugged wall and stately tower;
With easy grace he strode his steed,
The turf flew to that courser's speed—
His was a noble mien and air,
His loosen'd helmet show'd his hair
In auburn tresses, as it flew
Back from his brow—dark eyes of blue
In thoughtful gaze were set apart,
In anxious commune with the heart.
Proud was his features' tracery,
Yet beautiful, in outline free
From even a shadow to efface
Or mar that matchless Grecian face!
Young were his years, appearing far
Too young to forth, to fight, or war—
His calm unruffled forehead seem'd,
Thus other than the gazer deem'd;
To mark his form of manly power,
The arm that foes might see and cower,
The steel-clad breast, the shoulders wide,
The easy gait, the look of pride—
All that spoke well the power to wield
The broad-sword, battle-axe, and shield.

Swift as his war-horse speedeth on,
The skies' bright tints have turn'd, are gone;
And nearer, and more near the sound
Of waters comes at every bound—
The dingle's past, the startled horse
Has dash'd him backward in his course,
And rous'd the Warrior from his trance:
What now hath met his startl'd glance?
What makes him foam and prance again,
Impatient of the bit and rein?
Down to their feet, from high and far,
Where wild rocks in confusion are,
Falls a full torrent, foaming, grand,
'Mid echoes of that mountain land,
Pouring its voice!—the Warrior rein'd
His mettled courser, ere he gain'd
The hillock's brow; and pausing there,
Gaz'd fondly on the vision rare,
Of Nature's fingers' choicest art,
Since childhood treasur'd in his heart.
In vain I'd paint that brilliant scene,
Its far blue mountains' dusky sheen
Cast up on high, the bulwarks grand,
Stern landmarks of our fortress land,
Now mixing with each fleecy cloud,
Now sloping, rising, earthward bow'd,

And as they vanish'd valeward down,
What countless hues of green and brown
Were mingl'd in the glorious scene
That cast its witchery between
Their shadow'd grey, and where he stood,
Before the cliff and roaring flood :
The flood that vanish'd in a stream,
As day-light in an evening beam,
And as that beam may bring delight,
More glowing than the mid-day light ;
So did that little rivulet,
As washing rocks against it set,
Bring more of magic than the bawl
Of that wild raging waterfall !
Not for its beauty, nor its pow'r
Of pleasing in that witching hour—
But that wee streamlet murmuring strays
Still round his home of early days !
Its valley too was brightly rare,
The hanging copsewood cliff was there,
Tinging each shatter'd ray that fell
Of sunset down that fairy dell.
He gaz'd delighted—but his eye
Has started wildly, as on high,
Where all the rocks seem'd rudely flung
Apart, a fragile form was hung ;

A maiden, by the mantle wide
That stream'd above that torrent's tide,
A maiden of no low degree,
No daughter of the peasantry !
Hark ! like a spirit breathing there,
The lute's sweet sounds are on the air ;
The strain, the touch, the spell has wrought,
And back his wearied spirit brought,
To brilliant dreams and fancies free,
And love-lit hope's intensity.

A moment—see, the Warrior now
Has spurr'd his steed to greenwood glade,
Has clasp'd his visor o'er his brow,
And hies alone through dingle shade ;
From hill to hill, by rock and stone,
To where the maiden sat alone.

She was a dark eyed lov'ly girl,
Long lashes swept her snowy cheek,
Some deep emotion seem'd to curl
The lip that mov'd, yet did not speak
The bitter thought that rested there,
Of hopes but vanish'd in despair.

Yet pride was stamp'd upon her brow,
Seeking the mastery of grief ;

Why bears it such sad impress now,
Of woe too dark for earth's relief,
That pale, cold, silent look of pain,
That shows the wearied heart and brain ?

She touch'd her lute—from the recess
Of her hush'd heart an echo came—
Came with a new found joy to bless,
The bearer of a murmur'd name ;
And then her deep low song arose,
As nightingale's on night's repose.

Hush'd is her voice, her snowy hands
Are clasp'd upon her aching brow,
Her fingers shine with glittering bands
Yet little does she reckon now ;
For in the bitter burning past,
Her very soul of feeling's cast.

And he, the young, the proud Tralee,
Gazed on the worshipp'd one again,
Earth holds not more felicity,
Than rush'd that moment on his brain ;
He turn'd to quell the rising sigh,
Ere yet he met her alter'd eye.

Instinctively her magic strain

Had bound the Chief a list'ner there ;
And never may he gaze again,

Perchance upon a brow so fair :
So when she'd ceas'd, his sad eye yet
Straining upon that brow was set.

A robe of scarlet cloth was flung
Around her, edg'd with minivar,
A courtly robe ; and loosely hung
A brilliant cross, you might aver
Was carried far, from her fair neck,
Too beautiful for aught to deck.

Her hat was loosely flung aside,
Leaving her curls of glossy hair
To vaunt them, in their jetty pride
And rich profusion, to the air ;
Her snow white arm too was cas'd
In golden bands, and clasp'd her waist.

A moment gazed the noble Knight ;
And now is kneeling at her feet,
A blooming boy, with curls bright,
That well contrast with those they meet—

Ronald, her orphan protagee—

“ Ronald,” she murmur’d, “ is it thee ?”

“ Yea, dearest lady, best and kindest :

“ Long have I wander’d o’er the hills,

“ To find thee grieving as the blindest,

“ For sorrow thy Creator wills ;

“ Hast thou not taught me to revere

“ His will ?—and thou repineth here.”

“ Hush, boy ! thy speech is wondrous bold,

“ Yet kindness even of thine,—

“ For well I know thy love of old—

“ Is valued truly mine ;

“ Go ! leave me then, I will not chide—

“ Go ! wait me by the river’s side.”

That sweet low voice has gather’d back

Old passions to the Chieftain’s breast ;

The feelings bent upon the rack

Of painful thought !—from the rock’s crest,

Now once again himself, he starts,

All hush’d within *his heart of hearts*.

And lest the maiden might depart,

Fleetly he sprang the cliffs above ;

He could have caught her to his heart—

His own, his first, his early love !

But no ! he’s there a Saxon foe,

And bends him courteously and low.

A moment—o'er her pallid cheek,
A tinge has spread of roseate hue;
Then backward to that bosom meek,
The rushing blood in torrents flew,
And deathly chill as marble now,
And pallid is her lip and brow.
Yet was there in that haughty eye,
That stately glance of maiden pride,
More deep entrancing witchery,
Than every other grace beside,
As to the Chieftain's courtesy,
She spoke a welcome frank and free.
And pointing to the southern gate,
Beneath the wild rocks where she stood,
She bade him where the warders wait,
Down by the ford-way o'er the flood,
And cross the light portcullis, hung
Above it, ere the night bell rung.
But gentle spoke the courtly Knight,
"Fair maiden, I have travell'd far—
"I left my camp, ere morning's light—
"See now arise yon evening star—
"And swiftly o'er the copsewood gray,
"I've spurr'd my steed the life-long day.
"Deep matters from the British throne,
"Unto your sire I ween, I bear;
"Say is the Chief, Mac Con, alone,

“ And may I hope to find him there ;
“ Or, must I wait the matin’s call,
“ I pray thee rest in stranger’s hall ?”
As far off music breathing lowly
Some sweet sad air we lov’d of old,
Seeming as tuned for us, us only,
Awakes each chord we thought were cold,—
So was there in that courtly tone,
A spell that touch’d her spirit lone.
But no—oh ! no—it could not be—
She held her breath, and quell’d the beating
Of her wild heart—it is not he—
Yet is she to herself repeating
The breathings of that stranger Knight,
To dwell on in her hours of blight.
He ceas’d, and now her woman’s pride
Has made her what she ought to be ;
She’s beckon’d Ronald to her side,
Chiding, as he looked frightedly
At the strange Warrior’s stranger gear,
And smiling on the page’s fear.
“ Sir Knight,” she spoke, “ our welcome hall
“ Is ever free to friend or foe ;
“ My page will see thee, ere the fall
“ Of twilight, to the ford below,
“ And I shall seek my honor’d sire,
“ And say thy message and desire.”

A castle of the olden time
It was, and many a deathly chime
Had rung in hall, and tow'r, and court ;
And there the battlemented fort
Stood in its wide majestic strength,
While on the lake its shadow'd length
In moonlight fell, and many a tower
Told of that castle's strength and power ;
And there was too a stranger's hall,
Where the old harpers used to call,
When toil-worn with the lengthen'd way,
Through rock and stone, o'er hill and brae,
And tune their harps to welcome lays,
The legends dear of other days—
The passing shadows time had flung,
The heroic deeds, the bosoms wrung
With anguish, for the ten-fold ills,
Told by the sweeping mountain rills,
Wrought to their country—or to cast
A mantle o'er the bootless past,
And tune a lay of love and song,
To charm the congregated throng
That gather'd round the minstrel there,
As tho' he was some being rare,
And breathless o'er him raptur'd hung,
As careless 'mid the chords he flung

Those fingers all untaught by art,
That swept the passions of the heart,
And drew forth melody of soul !
As feelings kept in long control,
When utter'd seem more wild and true,
So seem'd the melody he drew ;
For princes used to praise alone,
Rejoic'd to hear his truthful tone,
And high-born maidens lov'd to hear—
For he might sing of hero dear,
Might tell some tale of battle done,
Of field of glory bravely won,
Whilst the fam'd conq'ror was her own
Heart's dearly, fondly-treasur'd one—
Or to herself perchance might tell
A word on which her heart may dwell,
Repeating many a time soft numbers,
'Till mingled in her midnight slumbers—
And chieftains too of deathless name,
And monarchs born to warrior fame,
Vassals that serv'd in banquet hall,
Warder of gate and forest fall,
Huntsman that dwelt in deep wood glen,
That chas'd wild deer through marsh and fen,
Maiden that dwelt in castle home—
Or where the mountains and the foam

Of ocean girds the peasant cot,
And gladness gilds his humble lot—
All—all—and Prince and meanest slave,
Bearer of laurels, plume, and glave,
Or sparkling cup to knightly band—
All love to see the harper's hand,
As sweeping o'er each glorious chord,
He flings around the melting word,
For all, tho' meeting only there,
Alike the spirit-banquet share.
What charm can lull the inmost soul,
Freeing each thought from earth's control,
While soft'ning down the care-worn mind,
To joy, of sadness half combin'd—
What makes the wearied smile again,
The broken heart forget its pain ?
Sweet Music !—'tis thy honor'd art,
That acts like magic on the heart !
Thy voice, " On ! on to battle field,"
Has cried, and swift the war-horse reel'd,
With his plum'd warrior in his stride,
Marking thy martial notes of pride—
'Tis thine to sooth the babe to rest—
To calm the war in angry breast—
To herald recreants to the sky—
To welcome new-born souls on high—

Greet us when every tree and flower
Is hung with pearls of morning shower.
In early Spring and Summer gay,
When song-birds sit on every spray,
Sweet Music ! all life's joys combin'd
Thou flingest around the wearied mind !

'Twas morning, and the early dawn
Was clearing from the dusky lawn,
When Kathleen's gentle footstep press'd
The dew upon its mossy breast.
Her night had been a night of care,
For wild thoughts hover'd round her there ;
At midnight meekly had she stood,
And heard the dark, the fearful flood
Of her stern father's madden'd rage,
At Saxon name ; then to assuage
That wrath, even in his maddest hour,
She turn'd her gentle love and pow'r.

All night against the thoughts that rove
Without the will, the maiden strove,
But vainly—for the stranger Knight
Rose ever to her anxious sight,
Bound in her father's dungeon keep ;
Then would she turn, and sigh, and weep,
For, not a helmet on his brow,
He seems her heart's young idol now ;

His eyes of blue, his forehead fair,
His sunny curls—all—all are there !

It's sunrise now, and she is gone
Out to the stranger's hall alone,
To watch her father, lest the tide
Of passion overcomes the pride
Of honor, and the Warrior youth
Be forc'd to doubt a Chieftain's truth—
For proud Mac Con, while midnight yet
Was on the world in darkness set,
Had promis'd to his gentle child,
The fond, the innocent, the mild,
That neither word nor deed may be
Wrought thro' his land against Tralee—
And though his word was never broken,
Yet when the haughty Chief had spoken,
His mind and heart were dark within,
Perchance he has forgotten in
His wrath, that hour's reluctant vow—
She stands upon the threshold now.
But worlds of song and minstrelsy
Could never tune a strain,
To tell the wild felicity
That burst upon her brain :
She'd lov'd a love of joyous years,
And every thought had set

So fix'dly, that thro' time and tears,
 She lov'd that idol yet.
War's breath above the land had past,
 And Saxon blood was shed,
And her young lover coldly cast
 For ever 'mid the dead.
So rumour told, and years went by,
 And never more he came,
And Kathleen dared but secretly
 To treasure up his name.
Their's once indeed was happiness,
 Undim'd by earth's alloy ;
Oh ! never shall they more possess
 One moment of such joy.
When Roger Mortimer had died,
 She wept the early slain ;
Nor was her grief devoid of pride,
 Tho' they had met in vain.
The vision of her early years,
 The lover and the friend—
She'd wasted all the fount of tears,
 For his untimely end.
The track of war was on the land,
 Nor was his judgment free
To breathe his name—the searing brand
 Fell on her heart—Tralee.

She never nam'd, nor even knew,
The picture that her fancy drew—
Exalted him she lov'd—in truth,
That grave had clouded all her youth ;
And now, oh ! what a gush of light
Has burst upon her world of blight !
The image of her early love,

Her first young thought, the same
That ever reign'd her heart above,

Almost a vision came,
Upon her sight in life and form,
Wrap'd in some sadder dream,
Yet hope upon his cheek was warm,
And flash'd his deep eye's gleam.

She strove, but all in vain, to quell

The wild, the startled cry,
That in her bosom burst the spell
Of pent-up agony !—

And that wild cry had scarcely rung

Upon his ear, till all
The world was nought to her that clung
So fondly in that hall.

She never knew a thought of wrong,

Nor felt the world's control,
Nor mingled in gay fashion's throng,
That trample on the soul ;

And so her arms she fondly flung
Around him even now,
And the dear curls that waving hung,
She parted on his brow,
That bent upon her shoulder press'd ;
And his heart full for years,
Too full for speech, upon that breast
Is pouring out in tears.
But true it is, the world but gives
Us happy hours to take away,
And bliss below no longer lives,
Than sunbeams that on waters play.
They stood—the world had not a drop
To flow the bright cup over ;
He gazed upon his all of life,
She held her earth—her lover !—
Mac Con, the haughty, stern, and cold,
Had barely quell'd his hate,
To please his Kathleen—for but one,
One yielding weakness had Mac Con,
With all his pride and state—
He lov'd his child—and spared the Knight,
In promise to her prayers that night—
He sought the stranger's hall, when lo !
The fair-hair'd youth—the Saxon foe,
Knelt, fondly knelt by Kathleen's side,
And bless'd her that her soul relied !

How awful was the wrath that fell
That moment on love's dreaming spell !
Burst forth his passion, like the force
Of waters rising from their source—
Rent earth and air to that wild call,
That might the moving world appal—
The bat that flutter'd in the eaves,
The bird that nestled in the leaves,
The steeds behind the neighbouring wall,
The ancient harper, as he came
Along the distant hillock's fall,

The vassals by the faggot's flame—
All heard and moved—for sword and fire
Were words bound in that Chieftain's ire !
The bat and bird fled far and deep
Into the forest's trackless keep—
The steed neigh'd loud—the harper turn'd
His step away—the faggot burn'd
More fiercely—and the vassals all
Prepared for battle in the hall—
The beasts and birds might feel affright,
But warring was their sole delight.
In lowly tower, with more of woe

Than e'er she felt, poor Kathleen knelt ;
And Lord Glenlee, cast down below,
In dingy dungeon, dark and low,
Where noisome vapours dwelt.

CHAPTER V.

"The past—oh ! how the heart returns,
To look upon its incensed urns;
By fancy dress'd, in memory dwelling,
Upon the heart-strings ever telling
Of olden times !"

ANON.

Like the dews of the morning, when night-time has
flown—

The frost on the waters, where Spring buds are
strewn—

The day-lily's bloom, when that day-time is past—
Are the visions of love—and as long may they last !

As the cloudlets that pass on the grey of the sky—
The rainbows that spread out their pinions on high—
The meteors that dance upon waters of green—
Are the dreams of the heart—and as passing their
sheen !

And oh! like the sweet hues of Spring, when they're
fled—

Or the blossoms of Summer, when wither'd and
dead—

The bird of the forest, when lost in the blast—
Are our day-dreams and joys, when those visions
have pass'd!

Tho' the Spring may come back, with its tint and
its hue,

And the Summer, with roses and heavens of blue,
Whilst the forest bird sings all as sweet on the
bough—

Yet they'll never bring back those we're worshipping
now.

Yet oh! how we linger and dwell on the past!
What hopes and what feelings we hold to the last!
While we cling to the vanish'd, with all its despair—
For as roses, tho' fading, they perfume our air.

In the days of his boyhood, Mac William had set
An idol before him—he worship'd it yet;
And tho' it but brought him the wreck of the heart,
From the shrine of young feeling he might not depart.

Alas! that the voice, his soul's music for years,
And the dark eyes, more bright through their fringes
of tears,

Like the heart that was pure as the seraphs above,
Should turn from the worshipper—shrink from his love!

The proud and the haughty had bent to entreat—
Had pour'd out his love, as he knelt at her feet—
To hear that a rival, a stripling had woo'd,
And borne off the heart of his love to the feud!

How he sprang to his feet, all his soul was on fire,
While his wild eyes shone out in the brightness of ire;
And dark in the silence of rage and of wrong,
He fled on his steed to the wild battle throng.

His sword was unsheath'd, and he flung it on high,
The warfare was there, and the hated was nigh!
Now, now—how their chargers have breasted and
bounded

Right back, as the shock of their spears has resounded!
But hark! a wild moan by the waters has gone—
The young and the noble, the bounding has flown—
Has left but his form to the battle-field's broil;
His spirit redeem'd from the world of its toil—

In the light of its glory, when trumpets of war
Clamour'd fame, he expired as some dazzling star,
As bright as his glory—and free was his soul,
As that star from the dark and unhallow'd control
Of Earth and its passions! Aye! well might he rise,
From the dross of its charms, to the truth of the
skies.

The skirmish was over—how many a one,
In the prime of his youth, ere that battle had done—
Lay coldly enwrap'd in the heath on the hill,
Tho' vainly the loving might watch for them still;
And many and many a heart on the morrow,
For grief might be bursting, and breaking with
sorrow.

Mac William has slaughter'd, yet trembled to trace
The fame of that hero, lost, lost to his race;
So young and so glorious! yet passions' control
Had conquer'd all greatness of thought or of soul—
On his steed once again, like the breath of the breeze,
He had pass'd far away by the tall forest trees:
By copsewood and dingle, and valley and fell,
He sped where the streamlet roll'd down through the
dell.

Tho' the speed of his heart urged the Chieftain along,
Yet the Minstrel was first, with his harp and his song;

And the proud-hearted Kathleen had learn'd to endure,
And lean back in her woe, on the hopes of the pure :
The wildness of sorrow had wrought on her soul,
With a stillness of anguish too deep for control,
And had nerved her with spirit to spurn and despise
The tyrant that sought her with love and its guise—
She smil'd in her scorn, when her father's command,
That her plighting be pledg'd to the chief of her
land,

Was borne by young Ronald, who wept when she
sigh'd,—

On the orphan that brow never darken'd in pride ;
“Go Ronald !” she spoke, “bear my pray'r to my
sire,

“Nor tremble for me in the storm of his ire,
“I am alter'd—no more shall I grieve in my fear,
“That my heart cannot turn to his will—not a tear
“Shall I shed tho' I die—all the wildness of woe
“Has nerv'd me to battle to death, with my foe ;
“My love shall not alter, my spirit not turn,
“Till I pour my last breath in a pray'r by his urn.”
They met, and Mac William shrank back from her
eye,

For it told of the heart that should steadfastly die,
Ere a look, or a smile, or a thought might be given,
Save to mem'ry of him, whom she fancied in heaven ;

He left her, nor utter'd a word to efface
The darkness of foulness she'd flung on his race,
For he knew that the battle-field's hero was slain,
That his blows on his armour had rattled like rain,
That alone in the blackness of smoke and of fire,
He had left the bold Saxon to faint—to expire;
It was this the wild strain that the minstrel had told,
In the halls of his Chief, tho' long seasons had rolled
To the seas of the past, yet the power was as strong,
As it thrill'd through his soul, as tho' scorn'd by the
 throng
In that hall, and his prince when he spoke he had
 feign,
'That the wide earth might yawn and engorge from
 his pain.

Sad years have flown by since the Chieftain had gone
Far, far, from the home and the halls of Mac Con,
And he fancies the chords nevermore may be strung,
That to spells like enchantment once magically rung.
The halls of Killowen are ringing with glee,
And the young Prince of Leinster is joyous and free,
Aye! free as the banners above him unfurl'd,
From the low-minded, grovelling, sins of the world.
But not from its cares, for his heart is oppress'd,
For the chains of his country, her wrongs unredress'd,

And determin'd to stand or to fall by her side,
He had laid down his heart at the shrine of her
pride.

Of the souls and the heroes, the brave of his land,
Mac William was valued the best of the band,
And yet did he seem to have secret or care,
That he would not that other might solace or share.
But the minstrel that chants with the magic that
thrills,

The tones and the strains of his own native hills,
Has scatter'd dark forms where but shadows had lain,
The trusted may never be trusted again.

As from the hall Mac William turn'd, a passing
thought

Came o'er him, and the memories of his brain
Passions and hopes from other days hath caught,
And backward drags him in their pow'r again ;
Aye! even as that hour he feels the pain
Of warm affections sear'd, and hopes destroy'd,
And longings came, and many an hour he feign
Had buried in that ever yawning void,
The past—came on him bitterly alloy'd.

Stern time had pass'd along, with many a change,
Since last he and the gentle Kathleen met—

This touch'd upon the very brightest range
Where bounds his haughty spirit's fancies yet :
When they two parted, her eyes were not wet
With tears, and crushing to his hopes but came
In those brief words, " My star of life has set !"
And now upon his cheek the flush of shame
Mantled, to think upon his rival's name.

But *he* is gone ! and time has wrought perchance
Among its changes, change in Kathleen's mind ;
And to her father, too, may have enhanc'd
The plight that still may with his int'rests bind—
And as he thinks the web seems half untwin'd,
So long entrammeling his hopes in life,
And many a word, and look, and thought combin'd,
Forgotten long, commingle in the strife
Of brightness bursting where but clouds were rife.

Then he resolv'd ; and when the mind has made
Determin'dly one purpose, what can stay
Our actions—thus determin'd, he delay'd
Not even a moment—with the rising day,
He pass'd with twice a score of Knights, away
To that same Castle with its haughty wall,
Where dark Mac Con has in his rude display,
Girt out the hirelings of the wild and fall,
To show the host that gather at his call.

Mac Con, tho' blaming long, in rapture hears,
That he once trusted, and still fear'd and priz'd,
Approaches; and poor Kathleen heard in tears—
Oh! could her heart's wild swell be analys'd,
Who would not weep the sorrow ill disguis'd—
Tralee in dungeon hold—and ere an hour,
To meet the injur'd, and the still despis'd;
And shall the weary spirit shrink or cower,
Before the tyrant or his sterner power!

But little did she know that even then
The fight was raging furiously afar—
That Janico D'Artois, with his chosen men,
Clash'd with Mac William's few, in dreadful war;
And deeply down within the valleys are
Dying and shatter'd, many a slaughter'd one,
And many sounds discordantly that jar
With Nature's quiet, and the bulbul's tone
Of Summer song, how sweet in valley lone!

And there Mac William—on that very spot,
His own lov'd dell, has yielded up his breath—
Aye! by the very path—forgotten not,
Where rang his childhood's step—thus meeting
death!
And who, when their last moments come, but saith,

It is a pleasant thing to breathe them out
Where life was light—to lay their length and
breadth
Aye! on the very spot, where many a rout
Of early glee was held, and laugh and shout.

And so he died—whose greatest fault—too well
Had lov'd—yet in his blindness had not seen
What even a glance to other eye might tell—
The heart he sought in its young Summer sheen,
Was not the joyous thing that it had been;
But he'd been flatter'd, and by friends so prais'd,
He thought his haughty spirit need not deign
To humble to a girl—and so he gaz'd,
When cast off for another, all amaz'd!

When he, the proud Mac Morrough, heard that one,
So long the favor'd of his heart, was dead,
He mourn'd—but still, he might not ponder on,
Lest also brooding on the rumour spread
Along the land—of bitter wrong—the dead
Had wrought—his mind believing had relied
On those who slander'd—those who falsely said,
That the Mac William with Mac Con allied,
Boasting to cast his Prince's power aside.

'Tis morning—and within his tent, alone,
The Prince of Leinster stands, and pressing things
Piled up before his pathway to a throne,
Are on his heart, and to his spirit clings—
When hastily the castle-warden brings
A herald from the foe—he grasps his sword—
Bounds forth in passion—and his sheath he flings
Upon the marble flagway—yet his word,
Was softer when that noble child was heard.

Brave as a hero was that knightly boy,
That came thus daringly amongst the foe—
'Twas Monmouth's Henry, and his brow of joy
Bore little yet of knowledge in its glow;
Before the Prince he spoke, while bending low,
“ My Lord, my message is the King's command,
“ That thou the name of Prince and Chief forego,
“ In thy submission join his warrior band,
“ And give up every title to the land.”

In truth it was a strange appeal, and well
Might that proud man fling back and taunt and
scorn—
“ Go !” said he, “ Stripling—go ! away and tell
“ Thy master that the being is not born,

“ Unless by recreants limb by limb he’s torn,
“ That ere shall see Mac Morrough bow, or be
“ Within his camp—nor shall he live to mourn
“ His country’s wreck—oh ! could I live, and see
“ All—all I’ve lov’d so long—lost, lost to me.

“ Tell him my fortresses, the dell, and wood,
“ Are nature’s own, and I should rather be
“ An outcast, where my lowliest castle stood,
“ Than pamper’d slave like guest of such as he ;
“ My soul is as mine own wild forests free,
“ And whilst they hold a spot to freedom dear,
“ Dear shall that desert home be held by me,
“ Tho’ as the wildest wildernesses drear,
“ Sacred as when my land knew not of fear.

“ Away ! and say, while life is mine I’ll hold,
“ The fortunes of my country mine, and hate
“ The cool oppressors, that would kindly fold
“ Their arms around her, and with joy elate
“ In crushing her, their ireful vengeance sate ;
“ Say that I scorn and defy their power,
“ My chosen and my boasted lot, that fate
“ Befalling her, I’ve shared her proudest dower,
“ And shall not shrink in sorrow’s wilder hour.”

And now he's gone, and there he stands
The Leinster Chieftain, in his hands
A written scroll, just held apart,
But other thoughts are in his heart,
Pride, scorn, and rage, were jarring still
With recklessness of good or ill ;
And then a glimpse across him past,
A dream like hope too blest to last,
And Nina was the queen that shone,
The partner of that visioned throne
Of peace and joy, and her soft glance,
The starlight of that vision'd trance,
And he might yet have one to bless,
With deep unchanging tenderness,
One who in living, for he might,
For many a year of love requite.
But what was he, and what his pride,
And trackless forests wild and wide !
Perchance another day may cast
To wreck, his first hope and his last,
His country's fame, and who shall smile
Upon the vanquish'd Prince ! the while,
But what—his eye the scroll has met,
And wildly gazeth on it yet,
Names 'neath his banner once enroll'd,
The pages of that sheet unfold,

And they had gone, in silence gone,
And humbl'd lowly one by one
To Britain's King, his kindred too,
They were, perhaps he never knew,
A moment with such sorrow fraught,
As that glance to his spirit brought;
And must it be, then, must he chase
From out his heart each transient trace
Of former pride, and from him cast
Hope, to the air that flitteth past.
A brief communing in his tent,
And forth the Prince of Leinster went,
Another scroll was in his hand,
He read it to that Dalgais band,
A proffer to the British King
Was written there, yet did he fling
Back ev'ry taunt, and galling threat,
That jarr'd upon his spirit yet,
He yielded much, yet much withheld,
And boldly Britain's pow'r repell'd,
Whilst from the King he proudly claim'd,
Safe parley with some warrior, fam'd
In senate, that he might propose,
And terms of such a treaty close.
The scroll receiv'd—the King ordains,
That Glos'ter seeks the distant planes,

And there with the Kinsellagh signs,
What even his counsel best designs ;
Scarce had his trusty courser's steed,
Put freedom in his boldest speed,
When darker news and deeds more bold,
Unto the rev'lling King was told,
Traitors had risen, and dar'd to stand,
To wrench his sceptre from his hand ;
His throne was tott'ring, and an hour
Might see him lost to kingdom, power,
And Glo'ster who had dar'd oppose,
The bravest of his country's foes,
And brand him with a rebel's name,
Return'd defeated—full of shame :
While this unhappy King was there,
Alone in this his first despair ;
Where was his trusted friend and tried !
Where does Sir John of Norris ride !
He rides away along the wild,
He rides to seek—his lost, his child.
His daughter with a many a dame,
Unto a distant convent came.
And found a refuge and a pray'r,
And kind and friendly greeting there ;
When lo !—a dark marauding band,
Around the convent fiercely stand—

Their banner bears Mac Morrough's name—
Falls on her knees each convent dame—
Wide every door, rent every bar—
“ Our's are the Saxons—our's the war”
They cried, and on their coursers borne ;
The matrons from our altars torn—
So wrote the Abbess—thus Sir John
Away upon the wilds hath gone,
In grief and fear, for where is she,
The child of his idolatry !
Some said the rebel Chief had seen
And call'd his Nina, beauty's queen—
Perchance the tyrant's eye hath smil'd,
And by his very glance defiled
The lustre of that spotless cheek,
Sir John rode—thought—but could not speak.

CHAPTER VI.

"But she is gone—there hangs her lute,
And there it may hang long and mute!

* * * * *

There are her gems—Oh! let them twine
An offering round some sainted shrine;
For she who wore them may not wear
Again those jewels in her hair."

L. E. L.

'Twas morning!—and a golden stream
Of sunshine lit the forest pine,
Whilst softly every struggling beam
Burst through the twining jessamine,
And glow'd upon the rosebud's hue;
The lily caught the passing smile,
And sweetly every flow'r that grew
Had flung its perfume there the while.

A harp by an arbutus leant,
Berries and blossoms bloom'd around;
One broken bough above it bent,
And droop'd upon the pebb'l'd ground:

Like sorrow, in a gilded hall
Of mirth and music, wrap'd in tears,
That broken bough droop'd now, where all
Was bright as life-time's early years.

Sweet mountain flowers twin'd in bands,
Amid the harp's wild chords were hung ;
Wreaths woven by no common hands,
Half wither'd, on the path were flung.

But where is now the fairest flow'r,
That ever gem'd that paradise—
The mistress of that fairy bow'r,
That seem'd to beckon and entice—
The hand that swept each glittering chord—
The fairy foot, whose buoyant tread
Made music with each joyous word,
When bounding from the daisies' bed.

The brilliant eye, so soft, so bright,
So thoughtful, yet so deeply pure,
So daring in its jetty light,
As tho' but glowing to endure ?
Alas ! poor Kathleen, pale and high,
The chill upon thy lofty brow ;
The death-like radiance in thine eye
Is like that mornings burning glow.

The dreams that the Spring of her fancy had made,
She'd found were but visions that wither and fade;
Yet now as such moments burst back in their sheen,
She dreams that they shall be as once they had been,
And feels that her soul can arise and contend
With the struggles that shatter—the trials that bend!
For the grave has restor'd to her faith and her truth,
Unsear'd in the glory and prime of his youth—
Unalter'd by fortune—unsever'd by fame—
The lov'd of her girlhood—unshaken—the same!
Oh! that moment of bliss was a draught for her soul,
That had rais'd it from earth and its baser control;
For her depth of affection was something above
Earth's paltry, contemptuous depiction of love—
As a dream in its purity born to entwine,
Like a spirit of beauty round image and shrine,
For ever forgetting itself in the prize
That it trusted to bear to its home in the skies.
Oh! how meek and how lowly the heart that bestows
All its thoughts on another—another's its woes—
And how deeply, how dearly such fondness should be
Enshrin'd in thy heart, Roger, Lord of Glenlee!

Yet how fleeting our moments of hoping and joy;
They will ever draw on to the rocks that destroy!
Her country is up, and the struggle is wild,
And a father for conquest shall barter his child.

Mac William is mighty in battle and fray,
Is Chief where the voices of thousands obey,
Is skilful in skirmish, in foray is strong—
Yet for Kathleen alone will he marshal his throng.

And never—oh ! never—for fortune or wile,
Shall she meet him with gladness, or meet with a
smile—

For who in his conquest, or who in his fame,
Could shatter her hopes, like the sound of his name !

Yet why must she meet him, “the storm in its rage—
“The beast of the forest, when loos’d from his cage—
“The fiend of the tempest, if fiend there may be,”
She sigh’d, “would be kinder and better to me.”

And then came the silent dream back to her heart,
A vision like all the bright things that depart—
A vision of gladness all cull’d from the past,
And round her in beautiful brilliancy cast.

But hark ! from her dreaming the maiden has sprung,
And back from her forehead her ringlets are flung—
For the door of her turret has burst from its thrall,
Rolling shrill on its hinges, right back to the wall !
A foot on the threshold—the portal is wide—
And flows from her bosom the glow of its tide :

A moment the tinge on her forehead had lain,
Then pass'd from her brow, leaving pallid again !
Her lip had been breathing the name of the free—
Her father, abhorring the Lord of Glenlee,
Might stand by her side—hear her naming his name,
And turn in his wrath to a bye-word of shame—
Ah ! well might she tremble, for stern in his rage,
Her voice might no longer the tyrant assuage ;
Yet, quiv'ring with dread at the thought of his wrath,
She shrinks not, nor turns from the light of her path,
The truth of her pure-minded heart shall rely
For aye on the faith that all storms can defy !
She turn'd—but young Ronald, the child of her care,
The orphan, the nurseling of bounty was there—
“ Dear lady ” he murmur'd, then burst into tears,
As he flung himself down at her feet, who for years,
The mistress, the guardian, the spirit of life,
Of feeling and tenderness ! far from the strife
Of war and its turmoils, arose on the night
Of his childhood—devotion grew strong from the
light
That her feeling had given—“ Ah ! Ronald of mine,
“ When, when shall I win me a worship like thine !
“ Poor child ! come arouse from thy sadness and
weeping—
“ Cease, cease in thy spirit such grief to be keeping,

H

- “And tell me where hast thou been all this long time,
“And the Chieftain—say, Ronald, what, what was
the chime,
“Like a sounding to arms that I heard in the hall—
“And why did the clarion ring gathering call?
“And, Ronald—the Knight with the breast-plate
and lance,
“And the eye that’s as bright as that steel in its
glance,
“Hast heard of his fate?—boy, come, canst thou
not tell—
“That Warrior I bade thee lead down thro’ the
dell?”
“Oh! lady, kind lady, bless’d, bless’d be thy smile—
“My sorrows depart, as the midnight defile
“Alights to the beam of the moon—all my soul,
“That smile can awake from earth’s colder control!
“I led, as you bade me, the Knight to the hall,
“Then slept till the forest lark ’woke with its call,
“When I wander’d away through the valley, to
gather
“A bunch of wild flowers and sweet scented heather,
“With wild laurustinus and strawberry flowers,
“Along where the dew lay in chrystal-like showers;
“Then wove thee a chaplet with lillies as fair
“And pure as thy brow, for thy dark wavy hair—

“ I turn'd to thy bower, but I found not thy hand,
“ Nor knelt for thy smile, with my wild woven band !
“ They bade me away, from both castle and home,
“ I sought my sweet lady, by turret and dome,
“ Ah ! no—thou wert gone !—thro' a desert of years,
“ Thy poor orphan child could but give thee his
tears—
“ None heeded my grief—so I wander'd along,
“ Till I found myself far from the bustle and throng;
“ The chaplet I'd wreath'd, I'd flung blossom and
flower,
“ An incense of beauty to perfume thy bower !
“ Alone by the lake, where the osiers are bending
“ Their long weeping boughs, and the song-birds
were sending
“ On high sweet devotion, and murmur'd the bee,
“ I sat me down sadly, to think upon thee—
“ The sound of a footstep awoke from my dream,
“ All hush'd were the song-birds, and trembled the
stream ;
“ The voice of Mac Con on the waters had pass'd,
“ The echoes in thunders gave back to the blast,
“ The gathering of passion was black on his brow—
“ Sweet lady ! he utter'd an oath and a vow,
“ Alone in the wild woods—‘ The Saxon shall stand,
“ ‘ With fetters around him, and scorn as his brand,

- “ ‘ And see how my vassals can gird on their gear,
“ ‘ The javelin, broad-sword, the axe and the spear,
“ ‘ And wield them, or dart on their steeds like the
 roe,
“ ‘ Then forth to the battle, to war, and the foe !
“ ‘ Far hung on the forest trees bough, in his chains
“ ‘ Shall he die!—for his countrymen wreak with the
 stains,
“ ‘ The dark stains of blood—the first flower of my
 pride,
“ ‘ By their hands in the prime of his manhood has
 died,
“ ‘ And Nora, his bride, in the hour of her bloom,
“ ‘ Sweet child of my heart, wither’d down to his
 tomb—
“ ‘ Alone in the world, as the sycamore shade,
“ ‘ Left last in its forest, I frown on the glade—
“ ‘ Yet false as the night-shade, that smiles on the
 green,
“ ‘ With poison beneath—till my halberts are seen
“ ‘ Set oppos’d to the foe, not a word shall be
 spoken—
“ ‘ But the lance shall be shiver’d, the sword shall
 be broken,
“ ‘ And far through the camp of the foeman shall hie
“ ‘ Mac Con and his warriors, to slaughter or die !’

“ And then, gentle lady, he murmur’d thy name,
“ As quickly my heart caught each sound as it came;
“ Nay, weep not! he did but in passion revile,
“ While blessing thy name and thy duty the while,
“ He blamed thee for loving a foe to thy land,
“ The blood of thy kinsman still fresh on his hand.”
“ Hold! Ronald—his soul is as pure as thine own,
“ His conscience as clear, as the star on its throne
“ In the heavens is free from the clouds that obscure,
“ Its light and its brilliancy glowing and pure,
“ From the wrongs that we’ve met from the cold
 hearted stranger—

“ And, Ronald—dost know is this Saxon in danger?”
“ In danger!—no, no, belov’d lady! I ween,
“ The eye of that stranger Knight never hath seen
“ A vision arise on his pathway, to shame
“ The power of his arm, or the light of his name—
“ He knows not of fear—not a dungeon can hold—
“ His heart and his arm as the whirlwind is bold.
“ I heard yester eve, in the revelry hall,
“ That my lady was captive in turreted wall;
“ And turn’d to the dark warder’s sentinel tent,
“ Where he slept, and I stealthily watch’d till he
 leant
“ Him aside in his dreams—then I robb’d of his keys
“ And I stole me away through the dusk and the
 trees—

“ I thought I heard moaning—descended a stair,
“ And traced a dark passage—a doorway was there ;
“ I rolled back the bolt, and the rusty key turn’d,
“ And hushing my wild throbbing heart as it burn’d,
“ In fear and with prayers, from the darkness and
gloom,

“ I stood in a dungeon, meet rest for a tomb—
“ I thought thou wert there, and I trembl’d with joy,
“ For thou art the world to thy poor orphan boy !
“ When clasp’d in the prison, with fetter and chain,
“ But the steel couterd Saxon, I greeted again—
“ His eye was upon me, tho’ lustreless now—
“ His lip is as haughty—as pensive his brow ;
“ As he rais’d up his hand, his cold manacles clatter’d,
“ While he drew forth a dagger, it was broken and
shatter’d,

“ And sever’d this token, sweet mistress, for thee,
“ Then bade me away to the dark forest tree—
“ Yet first I shall sing thee the lay that he strung,
“ For the harp that still silently, tunelessly hung
“ In the halls of his fathers—he murmur’d for thee,
“ So the song and the Knight shall be treasur’d by
me :—

“ ‘ Go boy,’ he said, ‘ and bear this token,
“ ‘ Of faith undying—love unbroken,
“ ‘ To one—thy very world to thee,
“ ‘ But more than earth and heaven to me ’

“ ‘ I seek not freedom—tho’ my hand
“ ‘ Is needed on yon reeking strand—
“ ‘ I would not liberty—alone,
“ ‘ Even were I on my kingdom’s throne,
“ ‘ Alone from thee!—I barter’d ease,
“ ‘ And all of pleasure, or could please,
“ ‘ But once, once more to tread to see
“ ‘ A spot that held so much for me—
“ ‘ I scarcely dared to trust my love,
“ ‘ Anew in hoping dreams to move!
“ ‘ Sweet hopes, scarce thought, yet realiz’d;
“ ‘ I held thee lost—the all I priz’d—
“ ‘ Yet scarcely had I liv’d to see,
“ ‘ When lo! I am no longer free,
“ ‘ Yet can I save—if but with me
“ ‘ Thy honour’d lady turn and flee,
“ ‘ I care not for myself—a slave,
“ ‘ I leave this dungeon for my grave—
“ ‘ If she must linger here, high Heaven
“ ‘ Can witness what this heart had given,
“ ‘ For her dear hand to clasp in mine;
“ ‘ I’d scorn the brightest gems that shine
“ ‘ In Persia’s diadem, and be
“ ‘ Thrice bless’d with hope’s felicity,
“ ‘ Did she but own, yet own to me,
“ ‘ That that dear hand and heart were free—

“ ‘ Tell her the chains around me still
“ ‘ Wait but the magic of her will ;
“ ‘ The way is mine, the light, the air,
“ ‘ And liberty, if she will share
“ ‘ My wayward lot—if not, her fate
“ ‘ Shall be far worse than desolate—
“ ‘ For ere the sun has strode the sky,
“ ‘ Twice in his daily majesty,
“ ‘ Mac William shall be here to press,
“ ‘ From out her lonely wretchedness,
“ ‘ To be his bride ; her father’s oath
“ ‘ Is sworn to keep that dreadful troth ;
“ ‘ And well she knows he would not break
“ ‘ That pledge—not for a kingdom’s sake.
“ ‘ Go tell her this—when moonlight beams
“ ‘ Next midnight on our mountain streams,
“ ‘ Let her but leave her griefs, and come,
“ ‘ Within my halls she’ll find a home ;
“ ‘ My gallant steed shall bear us far,
“ ‘ Where brilliant hopes and pleasures are—
“ ‘ From thence I’ll turn me to the fight,
“ ‘ And wield my sword for truth and right—
“ ‘ To gather laurels, but to cast
“ ‘ Before my first love, and my last !
“ ‘ And then Mac Con’s proud hand I’ll claim,
“ ‘ And he shall clasp the hand of fame,

“ ‘ When what is past shall only be
“ ‘ A shadow’d dream of memory.
“ ‘ Take back thy key, mine would unclasp
“ ‘ The strongest bolt that met its grasp,
“ ‘ And give this worthless bond for me—
“ ‘ All left on earth, to Lord Glenlee ! ’ ”

Poor Kathleen took the silken tress,
And all her heart could do, was bless
In silence—for she dared not speak—
A word the treasur’d spell might break.
“ Such was the Knight’s command—his brow
“ Half lit, like struggling Spring-time’s glow
“ Upon a storm-shook bough—and then,
“ He sunk upon his couch again.
“ Now must I off to Galla Glen,
“ Where sleep the pine above the fen,
“ To see if yet the Warrior’s steed
“ May serve him in the hour of need ;
“ Or if the battle sounding throng
“ Have banish’d him with shout and song—
“ For when the Lordling sought the hill,
“ Where thy sweet lute was sounding still,
“ He left his charger in that glade,
“ For beauty and for seraphs made ;
“ And list’ning to thy gentle song,
“ Forgot how moments sped along :

“ Turning to leave the stranger’s hall,
“ He heard the evening’s bugle call—
“ The gate hung back—the bridge was raising—
“ And then he only thought, while gazing,
“ ‘ Until the morrow may he roam,
“ ‘ Ere caught back from his forest home;’
“ When morning came—no longer free,
“ His every thought had turn’d to thee;
“ Yet now he grieves, lest hurt or harm
“ Shall meet his friend of sun and storm.”

Ronald departed—Kathleen tries,

Her hand upon her forehead press’d,
To calm the rising agonies,
Struggling, conflicting, in her breast.
Her father’s image rose above

Her selfishness—but then she turn’d
To one, whose yet unalter’d love

Around her pathway burn’d :
The joyous days when first they met,
When he his faith and truth had given,
Ere yet her light of joy had set,

Or hope had died, or peace was riven,
Came back in thought, a radiant flood
Of glorious light on all her sky;
Where, but a moment, and there stood
Despair’s dark mountains, cold and high.

And as such vapours fade away,
When Nature's gorgeous canopy
Of sun-lit beams breaks o'er the sky,
So faded to their imagery,
The present with its dread and chill,
The past, except when fraught with gladness,
The future and the cloud of ill
That seem'd to bode but future sadness,
Thus in such blissful dream reclin'd,
Her hand upon her forehead fair,
Was Kathleen, (Ah ! that brow or mind,
Seem'd little fit to dream of care) ;
When music floated on the air,
She felt a spell was in the sound,
And stirr'd not, least a breath might bear,
The bliss away that hung around.
'Twas like the harp, yet fancy wove
The voice of seraph with the strain,
That floated like a voice of love,
Amid the vision of her brain ;
And there were words, it was a lay,
Some strangers hand, attunes the string,
It was of death and battle day,
And floated on the breezes' wing :

THE HARPER'S SONG.

Not a dark cloud hung in the heavens on high,
All brightly the sun was shining,
And down in the valley the breezes sigh,
'Midst wood flow'rs pale was twining;
When a deep wild tone went by the blast,
'Twas the clarion's voice awaking
All the busy camp, as its breath swept past,
With the deep toned war call breaking.

Mac Con, the brave Chief of the valley is near—
Awake, and be girding on broad sword and spear—
For the proud hearted son of the stranger has hung
The broad flag of Britain, on castles that rung,
Ere the star of our glory declin'd, with the glaive,
The battle-axe, broad-sword, and spear of the brave.

In the Castle that flung its rude portcullis wide,
When forth march'd to war, Erin's chivalry's pride,
The daughter of Glenmalure, Nora the fair,
With weeping kept vigil, and fasting and pray'r.

But the dim lighted lamp has sunk down from its
burning,
And the dawn of the morn's mark'd no warriors
returning—
And the night-time has sunk, like the chill of despair,
Yet the sound of no war steed's arose on the air.

For the Chief of the vallies is sleeping afar,
The thousands have conquer'd the hero of war;
And oh! in yon dingle a sight may be seen—
The blood of a hero, on Erin's wild green.

There's weeping and wailing, and sounds of despair—
Yet why is the bride of the Chieftain not there?—
She had gaz'd on the heavens, a star left the sky,
And she felt that her hero had pass'd up on high.

And the smile that hung then on her lip and her brow,
Tho' her spirit has soar'd away, lingereth now,
And the lovely and gentle, the haughty and proud,
Have gone from the earth, like the sun from a
cloud.

The song has ceas'd—and well she feels

It was her brother thus that died;

And meekly now the maiden kneels—

And firmly has she tried,

Tried to pour out for good or ill,

Her spirit's pray'r to heaven;

Tho' many a time rebelling still,

While rich gifts it had given.

Thus noon went down, and evening pass'd,

Whilst Kathleen's tears fell thick and fast;

But one wild sound—and every thought

Her spirit but that moment caught,

Was broken—for the dreadful clang
Of war shout through the courtway rang !
She saw Mac William's banners fly,
All blood-stain'd, vaunting to the sky ;
Then pass'd they on, and all was still—
Poor Kathleen felt a searing chill
Of grief foredooming, rend away
The happier feelings of that day.
And yet the dreams that love can give,
When all of earth has died, shall live—
She felt she might not, could not stand
Before the Chief of sanguine hand,
And wrung her hands, for misery
Might come, and Ronald—where was he ?
'Twas midnight, and Kathleen stole forth from her
tow'r,
Tho' witchery hung in the gloom of that hour ;
And wondrously tall, as the faint moonlight gleam'd
From the heavens, her shade so'er the battlement
stream'd,
And many a face seem'd to frown on the wall,
And many a voice 'mid the breezes to call—
Yet she crept down the path, tho' her feet were
unshod,
Nor heeded the wild briars twin'd in the sod,
Nor the breezes that down through the forest trees
moan,

On—onward the maiden went, fearless, alone !
And now her lamp flickers, for chill is the air
In the damp vaulted atmosphere weltering there ;
But she heeds not, for thought works too deeply
by far,

To dream of the terrors or dangers that are
In midnight or darkness, or horrors that bind
Their thralldom of weakness around of the mind.
But swiftly she threaded the passages dim,
All reckless, uncaring—it led her to him !
And oh ! how she trembled, when touch'd by her
hand,

As tho' gifted by pow'r of a magical wand,
From that ponderous door, every bolt, every bar,
Has yielded—and slowly, with grating and jar,
Roll'd back from the dungeon ; and fanning her brow,
The chill vaulted air's falling round of her now—
A moment ! her lamp flicker'd pale in its burning,
As round her the maiden was anxiously turning,
Her eyes in vain seeking a form that was gone,
But alas ! in that dungeon the maiden's alone !
Her heart's throbbing pulses convulsively strove,
And now her thoughts madly, bewilder'dly rove,
But one linger'd only !—her eyes flash'd as wild
As the stars in a storm cloud—"My father, your
child"

She murmur'd, " would rather lie cold in her grave,
" Than barter her soul for the thralls that enslave ;
" Aye! the wreck of this form shall be frozen and
cold,

" Ere the arms of Mac William shall ever enfold !
" There!—his banner waves by—hark ! I hear the
wild swell

" Of the bugle note flowing adown in the dell—
" It's a dirge for the slaughter'd ! Oh ! Mother of
Heaven,

" My soul sinks within me, this desolate even !
" Thou treasure scarce vision'd, my noble Glenlee,
" Again must my widow'd tears flow down for thee,
" Have they murder'd, and left but thy grave for my
shrine—

" Beloved ! thy Kathleen for ever is thine !"

A moment she thought—and the pressure of pain
Bewilder'd her reason, and madden'd her brain.
She flung herself down—that poor child of despair,
And the shriek of the maniac rose on the air !
A moment she smil'd, and her glance was as bright
As the meteors that dance 'mid the darkness of night,
Then clasp'd to her bosom the shackles and chain,
And gazing on, kiss'd the cold metal again :
See ! now she is listing a strain in the sky—
She dreams that a melody comes from on high—

Then softly she murmur'd, "Hush! hush, my wild heart,

" 'Tis the voice of the vanish'd—he bids me depart ;

" Down, down to the glen of the oziers I'll bring

" My lute, and all night to my own love I'll sing—

" For he's far where blue sun gleams glide over the trees,

" And he sits in a chariot that floats on the breeze,

" 'Tis made of the white cloud that fringes the moon,

" And half of the rays that shine brightly at noon ;

" Oh! yes, I must go—for there's death in the sound

" Of the feet that are tramping the turreted ground."

A start, a wild scream, and the voice of the vault

The tones of the beautiful maniac caught—

And when she had pass'd—as a thought or a glance—

It rung like the strains that are heard in a trance.

'Twas morning, and a Chieftain came,

A Chieftain of a haughty name—

Tho' bent with age and harass'd years,


His furrow'd cheek knew not of tears,

For harden'd was his heart and brow—

Yet softer is his bosom now :
Mac Con, the daring and the dark,
Of sternest eye, whose depth could mark
War's throng, and count them in a glance—
He came—his soul was in a trance !
That morn he'd heard Mac William's name,
The seal of death was on his fame ;
And then he thought him of Glenlee,
And shame came with the memory—
For wrong he'd wrought, in passion wild,
To him and his own gentle child.
His daughter—that one dearer name,
With softness on his spirit came,
For he had loved her well, and tried
To win her even to be the bride
Of stern Mac William—what a love !
That seeks with every art to move
To life's worst woe—a fate allied
To name perchance, and fame and pride ;
But what are these ! cold recompense
To loving hearts, for truth intense ;
For tender dreams—for kindly thought,
And smiles and cares we're only taught
By love—the pressure of that hand,
That urges, every dear command

We make our bliss—what bless'd control !
Dear task to please one loving soul ;
Around that being lies our world,
If from our sphere of action hurl'd,
The wealth—the prayers of earth were vain,
To buy that blighted heart again.
Mac Con but lov'd this haughty man,
For his broad lands and mountain clan.
He sought young Kathleen, on the ground
Where willows by the waters wound
Lay Ronald—on his cheek a tear
Stood like a diamond on a bier :
His hands were clasp'd—his bosom heav'd,
As tho' of all but grief bereav'd—
His eye was glaz'd, as if despair
Had left nor thought nor vision there !
“ Ronald,” the Chieftain roar'd—that tone
Awoke him, to the world—“ Alone”
He murmur'd, “ All is desert here,
“ My lady, thou alone wert dear ;
“ To thee a slave in menial thrall,
“ More bless'd I was than Prince of all
“ My country boasts !”—“ Slave,” raged Mac Con,
“ Where is thy noble lady gone ?”
“ My Chief, my Lord, in dead of night,

"Gone ! gone—and fled the Saxon Knight."
"My child ! my child !" the father groan'd—
"Fiends ! have I never yet atoned
"For all thy deeds—guard, guard thee well,
"Swears dark Mac Con, thy river's swell
"Shall bear a blood red tinge away—
"Now, ho ! to arms—to deadly fray !"



CHAPTER VII.

“ By heavenly feet thy paths are trod—
Undying love's; who here ascends a throne,
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life and light—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and Summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.”

BYRON.

What is a Poet's love ?—a dream—
Wrought by his own wild soul—of feelings
Ting'd by each high and holy gleam,
Thought gathers from thought's deep revealings !

A nameless worship of a shade,
But in his own flush'd heart residing;
A worship, that may live or fade,
As may that shadow's own abiding.

He climbs to mountain tops—and there,
His soul with Nature's soul communes—
Condensing thoughts supremely rare,
Then with them fancy's mind attunes.

He sits on rocks, to list the sea
Pour its deep voice, when all is still
In the hush'd world, and calmly free,
The pale moon sleeps o'er vale and hill.

He wanders by the lonely brook,
Where visionary dreams may dwell;
Wrapping from each sequester'd nook,
New garlands 'round his spirit's spell.

For what—for why?—to deck the shrine
Where rests the idol of his soul—
The syren charmer, that can twine
Her deep enchantment round the whole
Of his wrap'd being—where it fell,
The treasur'd chain, love's golden cord;—
Those fetters clung to, loved too well,
Yet often fadeth to a word !

A look—a single thought express'd—
A step—a glance, may break that spell ;

And never more, where once it bless'd,
The poet's thought or love may dwell.
He worships one bright holy thing,
Perfect he deems it!—rend away
One gem—and never more he'll cling,
Or trust to its imperfect ray.

Donald Mac Art had been for long
A minstrel poet, warm and wild;
And, save but Nina, fame and song
Alone had charm'd him, since a child.

Like some fair star, burst out in heaven,
When dark clouds throng'd its atmosphere;
She rose above the dark cold even,
When he had deem'd his hopes most drear.

New thoughts unto his spirit came,
New hopes, new feelings, new despair—
Upon his lips hung one sweet name—
His heart—one form was ever there!

He caught his thoughts far, far away,
From where it was their wont to stray—
And was that blush a tinge of shame,
That o'er the Warrior's forehead came?

Ah ! no—it is the burning flush
Of feelings 'round his heart that gush,
Commingl'd—each more bitter still !
A Briton's child—a Briton's will—
Would she, whom wealth and pride caress'd,
The lov'd, the beautiful, the blest,
Remember ?—no ! she could not love,
Nor might that dark brow'd Lord approve ;
Why did he then one moment care
To dream of one so purely fair ?—
This thought call'd up the crimson dye
That glows upon his forehead high.
And now he feels that he is changed—
And knows his heart and thoughts have ranged,
More than he cares or likes to own,
From country, once belov'd alone :
Yet did this new-found treasure cling
Most closely to his soul, and fling
A charm he had not dreamt to feel,
Around his way, for woe or weal.
“ Alas ! ” he sigh'd, “ Alas, for me
“ And this world's names of mockery !
“ Why do they talk of Saxon name—
“ Why do they boast of pride or fame—
“ Why tell of ancestral hate,

“ Feuds, heir-looms of the world of state ?
“ They tell us too of swords, whose blades
“ Lack sheathes—whose ancient lustre fades,
“ For want of hearts’ best blood, to shed
“ Upon them tinges deep and red.
“ Why does the Briton brand the fame
“ Of Chieftain deed—or Chieftain name
“ Old wrongs to wreck, griefs pass’d away,
“ (Not known or felt) to time’s decay—
“ Deeds of wild ages, to be held
“ Close to their hearts—until expell’d
“ By wild revenge’s midnight hand,
“ Th’ assassin’s sword—th’ incendiary’s brand ?—
“ Aye ! why ?—away with such a creed,
“ That makes our feelings weep and bleed—
“ Our spirits shrink—hearts stand appal’d,
“ When to us such wild notes have call’d !
“ Away with it—and give to me,
“ The souls that neither know nor see
“ Aught but a fellow-sinner stand,
“ Beside them in this glorious land ;
“ A soul for whom a Saviour died,
“ For whom earth’s King was crucified !—
“ Britain !—but leave my country free,
“ And thou shalt have no taunt from me.”

'Twas midnight—and his troops were met,
Where flows a mountain streamlet yet ;
And many a tree waved to the wind,
Like passions struggling with the mind.

Dark mountains in the midnight stood,
Half imag'd in that sweeping flood,
Save here and there, where calmly bright
It slumber'd in the moonbeam's light.

Sweet moon ! how often hast thou shone
In all thy lustrous beauty, on
Proud scenes like this—and thou might'st tell
Of many a moment lov'd too well.

When soft eyes sought thee in their pray'r,
And thou hast smil'd upon them there ;
How many a vow thou'st witness'd spoken,
How many a time thou'st seen them broken.

How many a lover press the brow,
That lip had never press'd till now ;
The blushes to those temples stealing,
Love in its purity revealing.

How many a full heart, all confiding
In some loved breast, in faith dividing
The every care that may possess,
In fond and faithful tenderness.

Much hast thou seen, thou gentle moon !
Thy smile wins more than Summer's noon—
Aye ! secrets from the gayest throng,
That braves the world with laugh and song.

Thou know'st the tears that often chase
Each other down a many a face,
And all the grievous pangs that dwell
'Neath lips that know to smile so well.

That midnight hour thy bright beams fell,
In placid beauty down a dell,
That bloom'd with many a tint the while,
Around a huge monastic pile,
Whose Gothic roof, and turrets high,
Stood darkly traced upon the sky,
In proud and glorious majesty ;
Whilst here and there resplendently,
The golden light a many a face,
Carv'd on the orial window's base,

Show'd out—and many a curious scroll,
And dark device—and many a roll
Of twining ivy leaves that clung
To balustrades above it hung.

As through one battled window fell
That midnight ray—like holy spell,
As pure as thought of Heaven divine,
It stream'd upon an altar shrine;
Before it knelt a maiden mild,
And meek and lowly as a child—
Her hands were cross'd upon her breast,
Her forehead to the altar press'd—
Whilst mutely did her soul impart
The anguish of her burning heart,
And seek for guidance in her hour
Of sorrow—and from Heaven the pow'r
Of doing well—for dark clouds seem
To haunt her in the future's dream.
But oh! how much more threat'ning yet,
And dream-like, since they two have met—
Have met and parted—oh! the glow
That thought has call'd unto her brow!
Her hands were clasp'd—a sigh—a name,
From lips pure as her spirit, came.

The tones the echoes had not caught—
When quicker than a passing thought,
A charm had found her—for her name,
In low breath'd accents o'er her came—
A knee was bent beside her own,
An arm was gently 'round her thrown—
She felt the pressure of a hand,
Upon her golden girdle band—
A breath upon her pale young cheek—
And trembled—but she dared not speak,
Lest that brief moment's bliss might flee,
A dream of dreams' mortality!
And now a cheek to her's is press'd,
Dark curls upon her forehead rest;
No word was utter'd, for the spell
Of hush'd, deep thrilling feeling fell
Upon them. Oh! is it a dream,
A vision'd, passing, perfect gleam
Of Heaven—that moment when the soul
Has found the heart's first imaged goal,
It comes upon us, like a thought
Our spirits worship'd, and then caught
To earth—yet scarce had held it ours,
When lo! as all earth's passing flowers,
It lived no more; save in the cells,
Where memory, with its wonders dwells!

All scenes of passion'd times are cold—
All words, howe'er so fondly told—
All feelings, tho' intensely true—
All flowers that fondest fingers strew,
Scentless and wither'd—seen through years,
To that one hour of trembling tears!
When first the spirit stirr'd, and strove
Against that master-mover, love—
When quiver'd every trembling nerve—
When word or thought refused to serve
The mind—when all old feelings died,
And rose alone strong towers of pride,
For each memorial'd wall, around
What once was free unhidden ground.
That hour—that moment—flings away
All earth but that one single ray
Of Heaven, yet earthly—then we cling
To this one idol, worshipping!
Alas! for these who coldly sneer,
At those by sudden impulse dear,
Who say there is no single power
Could bind a spirit in an hour,
One single look—a kind word spoken,
Has many a young heart won or broken—
Eyes have but met, and that one glance,
Swept round the soul its thralldom trance,

That binds with chords of unison,
Hearts that had beat apart till then.
Thus Nina—since Kinsellagh's eye,
In proud yet gentle majesty,
First turn'd in kind yet tender smile,
Upon her, she in grief the while—
In every dream and hope is changed,
In every feeling so estranged,
From those who were her world, her all—
That scarcely could her mind recall
One pleasure in the past bestowing,
Once even life's joy-cups' overflowing.

Mac Morrough's men, with wild delight,
Had chas'd the Saxons in their flight,
Yet little knew they in that haste,
To track the foe adown the waste,
Their gallant Chieftain was the guide,
That led them to the mountain side;
Or rode one being in that band,
Who'd felt the pressure of his hand:
Or when they sought Mac Morrough's aid,
And forth he came for fight array'd,
They little knew the pangs that lay
Beneath that gorgeous canopy
Of plumes, that toss'd them to the wind,

With many a glitt'ring clasp confined,
And scarlet mantle edg'd with gold,
That round him fell in many a fold,
As fleet his noble steed he strode,
And down the vaulted courtway rode.
His troops were rang'd at dead of night,
Around that pile, array'd for fight,
When summoning and Knight and Chief,
He spoke them thus in converse brief:—
“Matters of moment call me far,
“Where throng our kinsmen to the war,
“I leave to thee the capture now
“Of yonder walls—ere morning's brow
“Smiles on the heavens—our banners wide
“Must from yon ramparts wave in pride,
“Yield they the Saxon—bear away,
“We war not with such souls as they,
“Close prisoners hold, and dame, and knight,
 “Each bound upon a gentle steed,
 “Bear swiftly as an arrow's speed,
“Yet hurt not, harm not, in their flight,
“In Glenmalure, the dark, the lone,
“My camp meets by the trysting stone.”

Down in the ingle stands his steed,
Soon shall the brave Kinsellagh need,

His foot the valley's track has pass'd
All war's intriguing from him cast.
He met a porter at the gate,
The old man laugh'd with joy—
It was his Prince, who often smiled
Upon him, when a boy.
With haste through hall and aisle he pass'd,
By balustrade and shrine
Of Island oak—where now at last
He saw, with grace divine,
His new found idol, pure as light ;
Her golden ringlets round her streaming—
Her brow, as Heaven's own angels bright,
The lovers' moon upon her beaming.

Mac Morrough now has whisper'd low—
Young Nina's cheek with radiant glow
Has brighten'd up—and oh ! how red
The dye upon her forehead spread !
Then slowly raised her deep blue eye,
To his glance of intensity :
She did not shrink, nor turn aside,
But in her heart and soul relied—
For faith will ever soar above
The common cavellings of love ;
Its innocence and truth the guide,
That leads through paths of purest pride.

The Warrior smiled !—a pleasant thing
It is, to look on those who cling—
“ Lady !” he said, “ see yonder rays,
“ That sport adown the woodland ways—
“ Brighter the Warrior’s spears, that lie
“ Beneath the oaken boughs, hard by ;
“ Before the dawn, to scale these walls,
“ And make a desert of those halls !
“ Nay ! blanch not thus—canst trust to me,
“ To bear thee from the monast’ry ?
“ I dare not seek thy heart or hand,
“ Until thy father seals the band—
“ But through the wild woods, far and free,
“ I go to find him ; flee with me.”
She heard a shriek above the breeze,
And trembling fell upon her knees :
Unto her heart his eyes appealed—
With tears and vows their hopes were sealed !
His mantle round the maid he flung,
And to his bounding charger sprung ;
As bless’d as tho’ high Heaven had sent
An angel from its firmament,
To share his lot, and cheer his way—
Such bliss !—and does it pass away ?

Down in a dungeon, lone and cold,
Where Ronald left him, Lord Glenlee

Dreamt dreams of her, whom to behold,
Had cool'd his passion to be free.
His busy fancy painted round
Sweet images of fairy ground—
The castle of his imagery,
With balustrade and battlement,
And lofty hall and gallery,
And many a gay carv'd ornament ;
Whilst flowing rivulets and trees
Around the noble structure twines,
And butterflies and gambling bees
Were buzzing through the clinging vines.
Hope gathers hope—and brighter still
Its imagery, when cull'd from strife ;
And now that creature of his will
Has cast a spell upon his life.
Kathleen seems there as lovely now,
As when a brilliant bright-eyed girl,
Her floating curls fell on her brow,
That shone as clear as Eastern pearl ;
When first he met her in the halls
Of Glenmalure's strong Castle, where
Mac Con's proud sister made her walls
Ring with the joy and brightness there—
When he, then but a knightly boy,
Cull'd flowrets for the maiden's hair,

And felt his bosom swell with joy,
When gaily told to place them there.

All this came back, and brightly fell
The memory on him, like a spell !
But what !—a step has rung the stair—
No bright or lovely brow is there ;
But one, where sorrow's hand hath press'd
The memory of that aged breast—
He started—dreams not—nor's alone—
Reality came with the tone
Of that dear voice—and his bright eye
Shone in its youthful radiancy.

Oh ! what is like affection's dawn,
In childhood's fond and trusting time ;
When but the purest chords are drawn,
That like sweet bells of music chime
To every fond word kindly spoken,
By those whose words were never broken ?

What like the trust the spirit feels
In those who watch'd our infant years ;
How many a yearning memory steals
To olden times—their joys and tears ?
Oh ! if there is a hallow'd shrine
On earth, parental love 'tis thine !

'Tis true that after years may bring
Affection deep as earth creates,
That shall for ever after cling,
Altho' it crushes—desolates ;
And we may worship at a shrine,
And round it our best heart's gems twine.

Yet this must still the shelter prove,
The haven of the storm-rack'd breast,
The one unchang'd, unchanging love,
The same to us at worst and best.

And it was Eva—once the flower
Of courtly hall and blooming bower—
A trusting and a lovely thing,
That did, alas ! too fondly cling
To one—who, gather'd to the tomb,
Left her in girlhood's early bloom,
To live alone, 'mid wood and wild,
Unlov'd nor loving, save her child.
He grew to manhood, and his hand
Was ever first with sword and brand ;
Yet was his heart as soft and kind,
As sweetest breath of Summer wind,
And full of pitying tenderness,
For friend or foeman in distress.

One morn he watch'd a streamlet drag
Its way adown each rugged crag,
And mark'd the changing rays, the shaking
Boughs were 'mid its ripples making ;
When fast pursued by steed and knight,
A charger near'd him in its flight—
He's started forth, the rein is caught,
The charger down the dingle brought,
And hidden in sequester'd nook,
Surrounded by a rock and brook.
The stranger was an aged Knight,
For fifty years he'd dared the fight ;
Beneath his mantle's ample fold,
A lovely infant boy was roll'd !
Yes ! noble Roger of Tralee,
That blooming baby boy was thee ;
And her who nurs'd thee and caress'd,
Bends, to thy beating bosom press'd,
And leant upon thy lowly bed,
Thy shoulder pillowing her head !
At length she sigh'd, and turned to gaze
Upon that lov'd and lovely face—
Within that eye a shade was lying,
Which augur'd, his hush'd heart was sighing—
Upon his lip a shadow hung—
Thought to his open forehead clung—

Aye ! even in his breath, the chill
Of some deep sorrow echoed still !
That one maternal gaze is past—
She feels that she has look'd her last
Upon his boyhood's brow—for care
Of manhood's love is resting there ;
The curls she parted from his cheek—
A moment, and she could not speak !
At length she breath'd, " My son, my son,
" Is thy heart's bloom of freedom gone ?
" I know it—for thy cheek, too well,
" All that thy heart has borne, can tell !
" Alas ! alas ! that love should be
" Thus ever stamp'd by misery—
" The shadow of its passion'd trace
" Is resting on thy anxious face."
" Mother ! my more than mother, stay—
" Mine are no feelings of a day,
" But tried affection felt by me,
" For one, who in the world, as thee,
" Does hold me dear. Ah ! hadst thou known
" My faithful Kathleen—mine alone—"
" Kathleen ! my son !—the forest maid,
" The beauty of the wild wood shade,
" The heiress of hall, tower, and dell,
" From Tallaght Mount to Holy Well—

“ And art thou sure her love is free—
“ She well may be the world to thee !
“ Her virtue's and her beauty's fame,
“ Even to my lonely mountain came.
“ My son ! a few brief days alone
“ Have vanish'd, since thy well loved tone
“ Said, ‘ Fare thee well ! ’ and yet my heart
“ Felt wretched, and I could not part
“ With one deep wish to trace thy way !
“ And so I followed day by day :
“ In lowly garb—with minstrel's song,
“ I sought amid a soldier throng ;
“ And hearing much, pursued thee here,
“ With trembling, sorrowing, and fear—
“ In yonder stranger's hall, I strung
“ A harp, and to the vassals sung
“ A song of one long pass'd away,
“ Their Chieftain's son, who died in fray.
“ And then they told me—bitter pain !
“ I thought not I might feel again,
“ As I felt then—thy fate was sealed,
“ Their Lord had but that hour revealed
“ His purpose—ere the morrow's dawn,
“ Thou diest upon yon castle's lawn ;
“ And he thy gory head shall bring,
“ To meet his foe—the Briton's King,

“ I wander’d wildly, many a track,
“ And one of those did lead me back
“ To thee—and oh ! with joy have found
“ My only one—thou art not bound—
“ Now let us, best belov’d, away !
“ A moment is not left to stay.”
“ No !” spoke he sternly, “ leave me here,
“ Life is to me no longer dear ;
“ I cannot, cannot part her thus—
“ Earth has no joy for one of us !
“ Were it not better far to die,
“ Than live an outcast, such as I
“ Must be, if tyranny and wrong
“ Leaves me no peace—earth’s heedless throng
“ I care not for—it cannot be !
“ Nay ! ask me not to fly with thee—
“ I’ll tell thee more—nor dare conceal !
“ This day, I sent my soul’s appeal,
“ In deep, deep pray’r, to her—to fly,
“ And seek with me some calmer sky !—
“ Go ! go ! perchance we’ll meet thee yet,
“ Before to-morrow’s sun has set.”
“ No ! Roger, no ! I’ll stay with thee—
“ In youth you lov’d my soothing hand ;
“ I have no joy, no treasure now,
“ But thee, in earth or native land.

“Thy love, for grief did once atone,
“Now where is that affection gone?
“Have I but found thee, to confess,
“I knew not what was wretchedness
“Or loneliness, before! Oh! why,
“Why wish ingloriously to die,
“Within a cell, like shackell’d slave?—
“Thou wert not born for such a grave.
“If Kathleen loves thee, she shall dare
“More than a father’s power, whate’er
“Thy fate!—how little must you know
“The woman’s heart you rate so low!
“She’d make that heart a dagger’s sheathe,
“Before she’d list another breathe,
“Of love for her, and hate to thee—
“She’d set her chainless spirit free,
“Before another arm should press
“The form you lov’d, in one caress!
“This is the only bond that we
“Can dare to hope eternally—
“The love that can endure and die,
“To meet but in its native sky.”
Glenlee had stood, and still he stands,
Upon his eyes his folded hands:
An instant’s silence—yet it seem’d
Long as tho’ Nature slept and dream’d—

“Forgive!” he said, “my passion’s pain
“Had nearly wreck’d my ’wilder’d brain—
“My country! useless long to thee,
“Now shalt thou find a son in me;
“I’ll bear thy banner in my hand—
“I’ll seek Mac Morrough’s Dalgais band—
“I’ll dare the field—I’ll call for fight,
“And conquer, in the cause of right.
“Aye! then those very walls at stake,
“Mac Con, thy tyrant heart shall shake—
“Here shall not stand one single stone,
“I swear it, if *she* then is gone!
“And thou—my guardian—mother—guide,
“Shalt share that hour of joy and pride.”

CHAPTER VIII.

"Love! mysterious what art thou?
Can the Poet's pen define thee?"

ANON.

It was a castle proud and tall,
And it had many a noble wall,
And many a tower and mighty mound,
Around that pond'rous castle wound;
A wood of pines before it spread,
And many an oak with tow'ring head,
Soft eglantine, where perfumes breathe,
Stretch'd out its arms to enwreath
The laurustinus pale, that flower'd,
In each sequester'd nook embower'd,
While many a bay-tree here and there,
Gave out its perfume on the air;
Far east dark Lugnaquillea frown'd,
In gloomy dignity around.

Kanough's mountain, rock and steep,
Hanging o'er the forest keep,
With Cammara's sloped incline,
Buried in its woods of pine,
To North and South defiance hurl'd—
The boldest fastness of the world
The vale within those mountains laid,
 Well call'd a mountain glen,
Where peaks for sentinels array'd,
 Stood guard above the fen ;
The deep morass, that held the plane,
As fosse around some rich domain—
And yet, surrounding Closnagh's steep
Joins in those mountains' circling sweep—
And higher yet, and still more high,
Lowe-na-clo-bawn hangs in the sky—
While many a low inclining peak,
Above the forests shaded streak,
Sent forth bright fountains—soft and low,
The murmur of their dancing flow—
Which catching light from sunny beams,
Sent down in thrilling, murmuring streams ;
Whilst Crochan's snowy peak he threw
Afar, right in the heavens blue—
Its gloomy frowns contrasting well
With all the lovely scenes that dwell,

Where Avon Beg and Avon More
Run down their vales of glitt'ring ore—
Where trees, and shrubs, and blooming flowers,
Add magic to their lovely bowers.
Killowen ! all thy halls were still—
No sound—save of the rippling rill,
That murmur'd 'neath the brushwood green,
Half hanging 'mid its moonlit sheen—
Was heard without thy walls, save some
Far straggling song-birds flitting home,
That flutter'd through each greenwood bough—
For peace is on the Castle now.
And oh ! to see that brilliant scene,
Of amber rays and mellow green,
Like paradise of higher sphere !—
Who could have dreamt how often here,
The sword—the skene—the blazing brand,
Was scatter'd with a tyrant's hand ;
And in the mid-day's burning gleam,
The blood red dye was on that stream !
But see ! from one high window bar,
A light shines, like some distant star !
Who plac'd that solitary ray,
To guide the distant wand'rer's way ?
She was a maiden—oh ! how rare,
How purely truthful was her air—

Her form was like the merry doe,
That bounds and steps in morning's glow—
So soft, so fairy-like, and free,
She seem'd a thing of memory ;
Yet sometimes would she sink in dreams,
Whilst round her, reason cast its gleams
Of seriousness—then was she all
The child of bending feelings' thrall—
Her large, soft, hazel eyes she'd raise
To Heaven, in deep and melting gaze ;
And in calm, gentle thought, would fling
Her fingers o'er each melting string
Of her dear harp. This soften'd hour
Is on her now—she feels the pow'r
Of moonlight, and there, half reclin'd
Above her harp, her fingers twin'd
Amid its chords, she dream'd—the fold
Of her deep purple mantle, roll'd
Around her, lay upon the ground,
With gold and silver spangles wound
Amid its border—half aside
It fell, and like a fair young bride,
A snowy veil half hid the pearls,
That hung amid the floating curls
That richly flew below her zone,
As tho' by mountain breezes blown,

Scorning the golden band that drew
Its fetters round them—every hue
Of rich luxuriant brilliancy
Were caught amid these tresses free ;
Whilst gems of gold did seem to float
Around that fair young neck and throat ;
And on her forehead, calm and clear,
And wreath'd above her temples, peer
Diamond and sapphire, as they'd been
Upon the brow of royal queen—
Yet little did she seem to care,
For all the glitt'ring jewels there.
Her features were of Grecian mould ;
And some perhaps would call her cold,
When in her hour of thought—but press
A touch, in truth or carelessness,
Upon some seeming silent string ;
And see what radiance will fling
Its brilliant bloom of happiness,
From eyes that only smiled, to bless !
Her lips now parted—coral wreathed
They seemed, round pearls that perfume breathed—
Her soft, deep, loving eyes were set
Upon the string, vibrating yet.
Beneath her eyes' dark lashes, break
The tints of thought across her cheek—

Aye! flushes as a rising stream,
With shades of some unfinish'd dream!
It was the Lady Marriot—
And time and place were all forgot,
In that gay phantom of a scene,
That came upon her in the sheen
Of yet untried, untrammel'd feeling,
New worlds of passion'd thought revealing.
Hers was a happy life—a child,
Rear'd where the mountains, and the wild
And restless ocean, gave the grand
To all the scene—a noble band
Of pine-wood groves, lost in the hills,
Slept over their delicious rills,
Hid down beneath in sweetest vales,
And nooks, whose legendary tales,
Told by old dames, had lent a spell
To every mound, stone, fount, and dell—
Combin'd, each mountain stream did make
A light-irradiated lake—
Richness and beauty, hope and joy,
Above its bosom seemed to toy,
Playing with Nature, flower and tree,
All strewing blossoms on the lea.
Now thus, her forehead glows beneath
Her hair's dark hue—and she does breathe

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An atmosphere her own—and sighs
Her spirit, even tho' she relies
On One who rules this world of ours,
The giver both of trees and flowers—
Nature her nectar, soul and sense
Had revell'd in the draught intense.
She was a dreamer, and her mind
With many a flowery wreath was twin'd,
Of tender buds—for o'er her way,
Had never pass'd one gloomy ray!
Her father died on battle-field—
She'd often look'd upon his shield:
Her brother's sword is in his hand—
His heart is burning, for the brand
Upon his country's fame—his crest
Is shining on his steel clad breast—
His banner vaunts it far and wide—
His charger even neighs with pride,
To bear him to the field—yet ne'er
Had Marriot even thought of fear,
For glory was a brilliant thing,
To her wrapt heart's imagining!

She sat, and dream'd, in that gay room;
Yet thought she not of waving plume,
Nor Warrior—tho' many a sigh

Had met her ear, and many an eye
Look'd more of love than might be told,
When banners wav'd, and trumpets roll'd.
She could not smile—the flippant smile,
Beguiling, tho' it mocks the while—
On crowds of captives to the will,
That revel'd in its freedom still.
Nor could she yield her heart to feel
Affection of that weaker kind,
That may upon the fancy steal,
Leaving the heart still unconfin'd.
That fickle ray, that charming shines
Like glow-worm scarcely seen, till gone—
Her love must be the love that twines
Its hopes, thoughts, feelings, all for one!
And oh! it is a fearful thing,
For joy or woe, that deep wild dream,
When young hearts to their idols cling,
As tho' earth held no single gleam
Of joy, to brighten, cheer, or warm,
Without that one bewild'ring charm.
But if it comes—the mockery
Of fancy building up the shrine,
That look'd so like reality—
The searing hour of love's decline,

When one by one the bright gems fall,
And leave our idol but its pall.
Then shall the chill'd heart feel how vain,
 The fixing eye so strongly here
The heart's affections—grief and pain
 May come upon us, rend and sear,
And like a blighting Summer wind,
Leave as a desert all the mind.

Proud Marriot held a sister's claim
Upon Mac Morrough's hero name ;
And well he lov'd the Imael's pride,
Who grew to girlhood by his side—
She'd deck'd with many a glowing gem,
Tho' little did she value them,
That when they placed her at his board,
She might be worthy of its lord,
Meet as his sister thus to be
Fit queen of such festivity.
But morning pass'd—the sun went down,
And night came, with its hues of brown ;
Yet there is heard no rattling hoof,
Along the courtway's vaulted roof.
And there upon the matted floor,
Sound sleeps her faithful Ellenore ;

Wearied by telling many a tale,
And legend, both of rock and dale—
While Marriot's most lovely dream
Steals on her in that moonlight gleam.
The daylight's streak was on the sky,
When from that dream's intensity,
She 'woke, and looking on the day,
Sigh'd sadly, "Is he still away?"—
But hark! the tramping of a steed
Is bounding down the oaken mead.

"Wake, Ellenora, wake! and bind
"Thy mantle on, 'twill be but kind—
"Go! greet my royal brother there,
"Or see what tidings others bear!
"Oh! bid my Donald here to me—
"That once again mine eyes may see
"The wrecker of his country's wrongs,
"The hero of her battle songs,
"The guardian of the lonely home
"That lingers by the mountain's dome—
"Aye! like those guardians of his land,
"The bulwark of his stalwart band."

The faithful Ellenora sought
The hall—yet Marriot hath not caught

The murmur of one welcome tone,
But waits in trembling, and alone !
How plainly sounds the dancing breeze,
A gambling through the ancient trees—
And then the startled screech owl's cry—
And then the wolf-dog's bold reply—
Tramp, tramp, she hears each footstep's fall,
Go measuring the battled wall—
Yet no! there was no voice below,
No triumph for the vanquish'd foe—
The beatings of her heart were staid,
And yet, she felt almost afraid—
She dared not seek the banquet hall,
For there were strange retainers all,
And maidens of such high degree
Might not be viewed incourteously !
Now Ellenora leaves the door—
She comes adown the corridor—
What is that meaning look that strays,
(Like remnant of departed rays
Of sun-light, on the sky remaining,
While darker hues their way were gaining—)
Across her yet half troubled brow,
Half startled, yet so glowing now,
As thus the anxious Marriot's eye
Look'd all her heart's inquiry :

“ My brother ! Ellenora, break
 “ This long suspense—I hush in vain,
“ My rising fears—I bid thee speak—
 “ Or give the cause, or ease the pain
“ That swells the heart, ere yet we know,
“ If ours be cause of joy or woe.”
“ My Lady ! not a foot has dent
“ The valley, from the battle bent—
“ No Dalgais, from our Chief, is here—
“ No cause of sorrowing or fear !
“ Within the hall, a Saxon Knight
“ Awaits the sequel of the fight,
“ If our good warder grants him rest,
“ He bideth here for worst or best.
“ And what a Knight he is, my child,
“ To ride 'mid fairies of the wild—
“ Young—noble—and upon his brow,
“ A light of truth, that haunts me now—
“ And something wild, and stern, and cold,
“ In his deep glance—lips press'd, yet bold—
“ As grief was there—and yet his years
“ Look little meet for sighs or tears.
“ He said not where his distant home—
“ Yet bit and rein were white with foam,
“ His spurs have blood upon their steel,
“ Their rowels are beaten to his heel,

“And”——“Hush! dear Ellenora, why
“Speak thus of stranger Knight to me;
“Even now our country’s Chief may die,
“By stream, no longer free!
“This hour perchance begins the fray—
“This (Heaven forbend) the fatal day,
“When brother, country, homestead fall,
“And kingdoms trace—some olden wall,
“Built far upon the desert moor,
“Alone the record to endure
“Through ages—till, by ivy twin’d,
“It shakes, and holds against the wind—
“Whilst I, with all mine ancient race,
“Hold not a footstep in the place.
“Perhaps our yet continued line,
“Like to that ancient wall decay’d,
“Shall feel new hope, new feelings twine,
“Around us their protecting shade;
“And we shall, struggling, rent, and tried,
“Hold remnants of our former pride.
“Here, let me lay these gems away,
“I cannot bear their sheen to-day—
“I thought to meet my Donald’s smile,
“To hear him praise my beauty’s wile—
“Yet now I hate their glittering sheen;
“More bright the bough in forest green—

“ Aye ! there my fingers may entwine
“ A wreath for that dear brother mine.”
Kind nurse unclasps with tender care,
The jewels from the maiden’s hair ;
And Marriot bids her tell the name
Of the almost forgotten Knight—
Her eye yet bright, with thoughts of fame,
And shadowy dreams of passing fight.
“ How did he pass the mountain kern,
“ How did he breast the walls of fern—
“ Imael, thy pass’s guards are knaves,
“ Or false to wield thy guardian glaves,
“ Else never had a mounted Knight
“ Pass’d down Cammara’s wooded height.”
“ Yea, lady ! but a Saxon Chief,
“ That thus hath dared to seek relief—
“ But blame him not—oh ! wert thou nigh,
“ To gaze upon that sunny eye—
“ The brow—the hair—the step and mien—
“ You’d look in wonderment I ween,
“ For never did I gaze upon
“ So fair a child of Summer sun ;
“ For surely Winter never yet
“ Its chill upon that brow hath set.”
“ In truth, thou drawest thy picture well,

" Good Ellenora ! go and tell
" The chaplain of our house to wait
" In readiness, without the gate ;
" When mid-day rings the banquet call,
" I'll meet the stranger in the hall,
" For thou hast won the wish to see
" This flower of Saxon chivalry—
" And were my princely brother here,
" Thou knowest he'd bid the stranger, cheer."

Sun glimpses by the forest bough,
 Stole down on Marriot's hair,
Like shadows of some olden vow,
 To all that forest fair.

A wreath of everlasting flowers
 Amongst her tresses twined—
Would that there were such changeless hours,
 For the undying mind !

A perfumed crown was in her hand,
Of choicest flowers the fading band,
Like laurels monarchs bear away,
And honors that may last a day—
Fit tribute for the subject vow,
It waiteth for Mac Morrough's brow.
She turned to leave her ingle bower—

Beside her was a cistus flower,
Apart in its lone beauty, where
No others bloom'd—she turned, but ere
She pluck'd the flower, as by a spell,
The rich leaves from its bosom fell!
The maiden sigh'd—and well she might—
For where is beauty, there is blight,
And where security is strong,
There is the earliest blight or wrong.
“Meet emblem flowers, thy blossoms lie,
“In prostrate beauty, thrown to die,”
She murmured, “scatter'd ere a blight
“Had dim'd thy lustrous hues of light.”
The thought had scarcely pass'd away,
When floated by, a stranger lay;
And yet in her own Island tongue,
The words unto the forest flung.

“Mine own! mine own! by a stranger stream,
“I look on hills that are bold and clear;
“And vainly seek in my spirit's dream,
“To see thy form in the woodland here.
“The song-bird wakes all the golden woods,
“And oh! I sigh that I were as free,
“That borne along by the olden floods,
“Mine own belov'd, I might gaze on thee.

- “ The trees are blest in their forest home,
“ The streamlet smiles as it floats along,
“ The mountain raises its ancient dome,
“ Where music rings all the woods among ;
“ The goat is fleet, where the cliffs are rent,
“ The falling waters are heard hard bye,
“ The hounds are baying the trackless scent,
“ Where crouching deer to the ingles hie.
- “ I once was fleet o’er the wild deer’s track,
“ And lov’d the trees, and the forest shade—
“ But when, ah ! when shall the day come back,
“ When thou didst sigh in the hanging glade ;
“ Or lent to me in the silent dream,
“ The dream of hope that our hearts had made,
“ While dash’d the foam of the cataract’s gleam,
“ And on my forehead thy tresses played !
- “ And oh ! when last in that dismal hall,
“ Thy heart was torn, in their wrath, from mine,
“ I heard my name in thy fainting call,
“ And pray’d a prayer, my belov’d, for thine.
“ Away ! away ! thou bright glen and tree,
“ My heart is sad, and my soul alone—
“ The earth is bleak, till I gaze on thee,
“ And hold thee here !—oh ! mine own, mine own.”

He ceas'd—and laughing Marriot sighed,

“Thine is a gentle voice, Sir Knight ;

“They say thou hast an eye of pride,

“A smile of witching light—

“A Saxon—nay, they name thee wrong,

“For thine the charm of Island song—

“And thou hast lov'd, in storm and tears,

“The burning love of early years.”

They met—the bright eyed Marriot smiled,

As frankly as if but a child,

When courteously the Warrior bent ;

But to her brow the blood was sent,

When press'd his lips the maiden's hand,

The custom of his Saxon land.

A many a day went wearing on,

And still the days go by—

Yet not an echoed step has gone,

Where lowland pathways lie.

While Marriot and the Lord Tralee

Grew every day in friendship free ;

And he has told her all the strife,

The passion of his early life—

And how his proud Milesian name

Was tainted with a Saxon fame.

With sadden'd pride he told the tale

Of all his olden love ;

Nor did his deeper sorrow fail
The maiden's heart to move,
With pity for the Chieftain's child,
Left by the drear heath, wide and wild.

How oft a dark and shining braid,
The Knight had look'd on, whilst he prayed ;
And in that prayer a name had blessed,
Whilst on that braid his lips were pressed !
How often gentle Marriot tried,
Roaming the greenwood at his side,
To win him with her gentle song,
That echoed all the hills among,
From his distracting grief, in vain—
His smiles were shadowed by the pain ;
And seem'd departing, but to cast
Still darker shadows on the past.
Even our young forest dreamer's eye
Began to beam more pensively,
And softer feelings would control
The innate gladness of her soul—
Until she'd start, and turn away,
To think she'd been the life-long day,
Wrapt in one dream—one single smile,
The captivation and the wile,
That wrapt it round her—young Tralee,

The tracer of its imagery !
And she, the star, the very queen,
Of many a bright and festive scene—
She who had laughed in jesting glee,
At many a Knight on bended knee,
With heart untamed, and spirit gay,
As in her childhood's brightest day—
Felt creeping o'er her senses now,
With its own deep and throbbing glow,
Her first, last dream of love—and yet,
She felt, too well, alas ! she'd set
Her heart's hopes, feelings, stern decree,
On one, declared no longer free !
So sadness stole upon her cheek,

The brightness of her eye was fading,
Her fainting spirit seem'd to seek

Oblivion for life's early shading.

And yet, when that one form was there,
Joy hid each shadow of despair ;
One only eye had traced the shade
Of grief, on Marriot's gladness made.
Aye ! Ellenora, there the cloud
Of earth is on thy happy-brow'd,
Thy nurseling—yet restrain thy tears,
Life cannot keep our early years.

A dark cloud hung on the mountain peak,
The king of the circling band,
That binds Imael—and the morning's streak,
In glory burst on the lower land—
When rung the sward in the copsewood keep,
And thrill'd the echoing mountain steep,
And footsteps lay in the forest old,
The tramping hoofs of a charger bold—
At morning's dawn, shall a palfrey bear,
Right up where cliffs by the hills are bare,
Away, away, to the bounding tramp,
The noise and clang of the woodland camp.
Mac Morrough's hand to the scroll was set,
“ My sister ! next to my heart and nearest,
“ Greeting—our camp in the forest met,
“ Awaits thee, next to our country, dearest ;
“ For danger threatens Killowen's halls,
“ And we are held where our duty calls.”


Glenlee and Marriot had met,
When sunbeams on the woods were set,
And hill and stream—the Castle lay,
A cloud upon the fading day—
While all the valley shone serene,
And sunlight tinged the wood boughs' sheen.

He smiled—for aye, that morning's scroll
Had stirr'd anew his hoping soul !
Now could a guide be found to lead
The footsteps of his mountain steed—
What radiance glow'd within his eye,
And wherefore did young Marriot sigh ?
“ Sweet Princess ! joy thee, thou art free,
“ Nor love-entrammel'd, like Tralee !
“ How many a grief has sear'd and torn,
“ How many a hope has weigh'd and worn,
“ This weary heart !—now clears the sky,
“ The dark sky of my destiny—
“ Another day, and I may claim
“ My Prince's aid, my country's fame,
“ My fortune's star ! I'll fling afar,
“ The bold flag of my country's war—
“ And oh ! my Kathleen, may the hour
“ That vests me with a Chieftain's power,
“ Give to my craving soul—to me—
“ The one bold deed, to set thee free !”
He spoke—his lips alone express'd
The passion rising in his breast—
And Marriot's bosom swells the while,
He's burning for the war's defile.
His longings for a Chieftain's power,
The conquest of a battle hour,

M

Had nought to do with her—the chill
And bitter tears, against her will,
Roll'd down her cheeks—she stoop'd, till fell
Dark curls around her, hiding well,
Her hour of weakness; but her breast
Heaved with the sobs in vain repress'd.
Glenlee gazed on that fair young brow,
He'd never seen o'ercast till now—
He stoop'd—for he was pain'd—and tried
To speak his pain, "Sweet one, I'll chide!
"Tell me, ah! why those sighs and tears?
"They are not meet for thy young years."
Her voice was hush'd—but rais'd, her eyes,
And oh! that glance had been a prize
To many a heart—he bent his knee,
And spoke, tho' kindly, sorrowingly—
"Sweet lady! may a blessing rest,
"And joy within thy peaceful breast;
"For aye, through life, in memory,
"Thou shalt be blest by Lord Tralee.
"Farewell! we part—and never more,
"Perchance we meet—the distant shore
"May tear me from life's broken spell—
"Then as in death, farewell! farewell!"
Her spirit's weakness cast aside—
With all her nerve, her woman's pride,

She 'rose and spoke, " You deem me weak—
" But there are powers we cannot break,
" And griefs upon the spirit thrown,
" Tho' foolish, yet we call our own—
" And I have mine, tho' seeming gay,
" And have been over weak to-day!
" Adieu! for tho' I say farewell,
" We yet may meet, and thou shalt tell
" Thy gladness, as thou hast been telling
" The griefs within thy bosom dwelling."



CHAPTER IX.

"Sister! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past—

* * * * *

Through thy soul a storm hath moved—
Gentle sister! thou hast loved!

* * * * *

Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
Sister! thou hast loved in vain!"

HEMANS.

String thy harp, thou Son of Song!
Sweep thy melting notes along!
Thrill the hearts that wait to hear thee!
Charm the steps that linger near thee!

THE BARD'S INVOCATION.

There's a weary voice of sighing,
In the murmuring of the breeze—
There's a dream of grief undying,
In the foaming of the seas!

There's a whispering from our mountains,
Cities, vallies, rivers, streams ;
And a moaning from our fountains,
Like the grief of troubled dreams.

Ah ! that voice—it is the sighing
Of the spirits of the dead,
Down by vale and dingle lying,
Where the free-born fought and bled ;
In the forest breezes stealing,
And the murmurs of the sea,
From their lonely graves appealing
To the spirits of the free.

Isle of mist and bardic story,
Isle of many a hero lay,
Where is all thine ancient glory ?
Have thine honors pass'd away ?
Oh ! that sigh—it is for freedom,
Freedom to thy fathers' graves :
Has the voice of Heaven decreed them,
Even in ashes, to be slaves ?

Sons of Brian ! sons of Connor !
Once the free-born, and the free !
Where's your sense of shame and honor—
Where your deeds for minstrelsy ?

Must the spirits of thy sires
Murmur through thy captive hills ?
Have thy hearts not heard the lyres,
That have chaunted of their ills ?

Haughty Moore, and brave O'Donnell,
Bold Mac Dermott, and Tyrone,
Heroes of the true Clann Conail,
Hast thou left thy land alone ?
Has the Isle of glories martyr'd,
None to succour—none to save ?
Are her hopes and freedom barter'd,
Since the mighty found a grave ?

Hark ! a leader bold and glorious,
Bears the standard ever green ;
Hearts like his must be victorious,
Giving lustre to its sheen.
See his soldiers backward bearing,
Victors from a bloody fray,
High Kinsellagh's standard rearing,
Up along the mountain way.
Many a Saxon dame is pouring
Blessings on Mac Morrough's name ;
One young heart is fondly storing
All his kindness—all his fame.

But hark ! another troop—see now,
Is passing down yon mountain's brow—
Wide open fling and gate and hall,
Ring welcome over hill and fall—
Let joy and gladness welcome—hail !
The Princess of the bold Imael.
“ Welcome ! daughter of the brave,
“ Welcome, where our banners wave—
“ Where the conqueror's princely hand
“ Clasps the laurels of his land.
“ Welcome to the homely board,
“ Tho' with coarsest viands stored—
“ For the brave Mac Morrough's there,
“ Sharing in his warriors' fare.
“ Like the stars that shine afar,
“ Thy dark rolling orbits are—
“ Like the sun's last evening's glow,
“ Is the halo on thy brow—
“ Lovelier than rainbow tinges,
“ Shine those bright eyes through their fringes,
“ Sweeping o'er thy cheek of snow,
“ Where no more the roses blow.
“ Welcome ! welcome, louder ring—
“ It is the sister of thy King.”

See now the gates are dash'd aside—
For there is Erin's dearest pride,

Mac Morrough—in his hand his sword,
And on his lip the courteous word—
Whilst in his eye there shines a light,
The very essence of delight !
A moment—to his heart he's caught
The treasure that small palfrey brought ;
And Marriot's tears fall on the brow
She never saw so bright as now.

And they were there—the faggot blazed
Upon the hearth—Mac Morrough gazed,
In anxious thought and wonderment,
Upon the form before him bent—
His own sweet sister !—where the trace
Of light on that once happy face ?
Such change, he never, never thought,
Could be upon her being brought—
It was as tho' some deep wild pain
Had press'd upon her heart and brain,
And left behind the dark impress
Of what was more than wretchedness.
Like some bright bud of early Spring,
Crush'd by one wint'ry blast,
A rose of summer withering,
When some chill breeze swept past.
A ray upon a summer sky,
But seen again in memory ;

A tree of snow hung in the sun,
Like diamond garlands glowing ;
Or streamlets that to ocean's run,
Lost 'mid their waters flowing,
Seem'd to Mac Morrough now the feeling,
That once that voice like music stealing,
Gave laughter to his heart—" My best,
" My noble sister, why distress'd !
" Speak, Marriot ! what wild dream has hid
" That ray beneath thy drooping lid !
" Thy cheek is pale—thy lip compress'd—
" The sighs that heave thy rising breast,
" Tell that a storm hath swept thy soul,
" And crush'd thee in its passing roll—
" Aye, sister thou hast felt the chill
" Of slighted love, its on thee still—
" Say, who has dar'd and I afar,
" Struggling to wage my country's war,
" To rend thy heart, to place the sting,
" To give thy hopes to withering—
Nay, do not weep ! it shall not rest—
" To thee the world may yet be bless'd."
Poor Marriot's tears flowed silently,
She could not speak, she could not see,
But leant upon Mac Morrough's breast,
And to her lips his fingers press'd—

Till weakness conquer'd there, she turn'd,
And told the dream that lay inurn'd
Deep in her soul—the Chieftain's eye,
Set on her scrutinizingly,
Aye, every thought and feelings all;
The while her tears have ceas'd to fall—
And those her last words calmly spoken,
Told that her young heart's dream was broken.

“ I saw him, and a feeling came,

“ Upon me from that hour,

“ But gaining brightness, as the flame

“ That chilling gives its pow'r—

“ Yet knew I not that love was hid,

“ Amid affections blooming,

“ That those dear moments only bid,

“ My spirits after dooming;

“ I dreamt not that the soothing hand,

“ That touch'd the string to cheer him,

“ Was heaping up a burning brand,

“ To sear it, when not near him.

“ We parted, and but then I knew,

“ The chill upon me stealing,

“ Until its deep'ning shadows grew

“ Into one word's revealing—

“ I lov'd, my brother, lov'd in vain—

“ Yet shall I be myself again.”

“ Those words were like the olden time,
“ When thou didst o’er the mountains climb,
“ Hung on the steeps, or tottering rocks,
“ That braved the madden’d ocean’s shocks;
“ And where the wild winds toss’d the spray,
“ And bore it on his wings away,
“ It too did echo like the tone,
“ Of voices from the abbey lone,
“ Of our ancestral band—and thou
“ Art proud Mac Morrough’s daughter now.”

* * * * *

Soft winds were waving, and the trees
Were murm’ring to the gentle breeze,
And here and there the moonbeams fell,
On shatter’d rock, or pine-clad fell,
And glitter’d on the dark grey stone—
Seen here and there like elphins’ throne;
And on each lofty miniret,
And tower above a castle set,
That in a woodland valley stood,
And shone the moon upon a flood
That lay before, so clear its sheen,
The eye might count the pebbles green,
That lay beneath its quiv’ring motion,
As through the eyes the heart’s devotion.

All nature lay, not sleeping, but so still,
That even the breezes trembled as they moved,
With noiseless step along the mossy hill,
Or glided where among the branches, grooved
In elfin beauty—and by love approved
The songsters homes were laid—or stole
Along the waters as they softly roved,
It was the hour of pray'r, when times controul,
No longer trammel'd Nature's living soul.

The leaves were pointed to the earth—their pray'r
In this meek attitude to Heaven ascending,
The flowers gave sweeter incense to the air,
Their buds half closed upon their bosoms bending,
Far up on high each perfum'd off'ring wending
Its way among the stars—the moonbeams creep,
Mingling their praises where all forms are tending—
All universal beauty join'd—to keep
Their festival of love—while mortals sleep.

As all those moonlight shadows stream'd,
Within one lonely room they gleam'd.
It was a wild and dismal spot that hall,
Within it were two beings, one was old,
The other like the summer rays that fall,
From glowing suns to cheer the wild or cold.

She lay upon a couch, her fair young head
Pillow'd upon her hand, and by her side
The aged hanging o'er the maniac's bed,
Whose lov'liness the storm of wreck defied.
Poor Eva ! ah ! how little didst thou dream,
That from the cold monotony of years,
Joy should once more entice thee with its gleam,
And sorrow move thee to shed bitter tears.
She'd watch'd the young Glenlee pass on his steed,
His lips had breath'd one patriotic word,
And he shall seek the proud and glitt'ring mead,
Of fame, and with it shall his name be heard.
Then did she turn away to seek the home,
Where Kathleen wept perchance that he had gone ;
But down where wending streams, 'mid vallies roam,
And breezes mingle with the bulbul's tone.
She heard a sweet low song in greenwood shade,
Like distant murmur of a serenade.
It ceas'd !—a mantle floated past,
A form unto the earth was cast—
'Twas Kathleen's form—this even the dream
Of love that lit that ancient stream,
Once beautiful—now cold and sear,
As leaf in the declining year—
Within her father's halls reclined—
A cloud was on the dreamer's mind—

And Eva wept with grief and fear,
Above all thought, all memory's bier !
Another sees, with darker care,
The damp upon that forehead fair—
Her father's heart swell'd to the sight,
His eye glazed with unearthly light ;
He passed his hand across his brow,
 And dash'd the scalding tear
From eyes that never wept till now,
 Since childhood's softer year.
Stern was that hour of manhood's grief,
 In bitter darkness cast—
Tho' seeming terrible as brief,
 It was not brief, nor past.
He turn'd away, and Kathleen woke,
 To consciousness of pain,
Again across her spirit broke,
 She quell'd and hush'd in vain.
When Eva tried to sooth away,
The deeper agony that lay
On her awaken'd mind, yet cold
To her the words the stranger told,
Her heart was broken—thought was changed,
And feeling, from the world estranged,
“ Ah ! no ”—to Eva's words replied,
“ The sufferer no—all hope has died,

“ This heart, the weary wreck of pain,
“ Can have no happiness again,
“ For grief is stamp'd within, and I
“ Await on earth alone, to die—
“ Tell him I pray'd until I dare,
“ No longer wrong the boon of prayer,
“ To see him once again—Oh ! thou
“ Wilt say, I would not linger now—
“ Tho' never swerving from the truth,
“ The plighted of my early youth,
“ His name shall linger till I die,
“ And live in Kathleen's latest sigh—
“ I would not that his tears should steep,
“ The silent ashes where I sleep,
“ His years are light upon his brow,
“ He is not shackell'd by his vow.”
And all within Mac Con's proud hall,
 Save one lone chamber's tenants slept,
Calm, silent, still, 'mid Nature's thrall ;
 As tho' the very taper kept
 A vigil, where its glimmers crept.

The aged nurse arose, and gazed upon the still,
 and fair,
And lovely being, that she thought was calmly
 slumbering there ;

Her lips were half apart, and curv'd—as with a
lingering smile—

A calm and heavenly shadow lay upon her cheek
the while.

One fair soft arm was flung without the crimson
canopy,

And two or three stray curls of jet stole round her
carelessly—

All, all seem'd fresh and beautiful, as in life's
warmest hour—

All, save her eyes—and they had lost for ever more
their power.

Those soft dark orbs, once love and light,
Are buried in eternal night ;
The lids are there—the sweeping lashes—
But ah ! no more the dark eye flashes ;
Cold still and frozen are they set
To meet no more the eyes they met,
To cast no more their gentle charm,
Around the hearts they used to warm ;
And Eva gazed unconsciously,
On what seem'd but the mockery
Of death—her gentle spirit went
So calmly from its tenement

Of clay—that not a breath, a sigh,
Mark'd when that spirit sought the sky—
Like some sweet song-bird long confin'd,
When flung upon a passing wind—
A leaf blown down in forest shade—
Ere yet—the light began to fade,
Of early spring upon its breast—
A phantasy the soul had drest
And worshipp'd—shatter'd by a blast—
A sun of light, just seen and past,
Her spirit left the world it blest,
To seek a land of love and rest !
And once again the father's wild
And wilder'd glance was on his child,
No tear he shed—no sadden'd tone
He utter'd, for the being gone—
No quiv'ring lip, no heaving breast,
Told he had lov'd her ever best—
Nor long drawn breath, nor stifled sigh,
Echo'd his heart's deep agony !

CHAPTER X.

"How oft a moment changed the scene,
When keenest grew distress !
How disappointment oft hath been
The path to joyfulness."

WILLS.

The world is ever changing—
The heart is ever ranging—
Our thoughts are ever flying—
The brightest soonest dying—
Joy's always chased by sorrow—
Before us, one long morrow !
And we are ever clinging
To earth, and from us flinging
The only lasting treasure,
That has no end or measure—
And ever sighing, dying,
And trusting, and relying

On things that but deceive us,
First flatter, and then leave us,
Like bubbles on the ocean,
Departing with its motion—
And then we weep above them,
And try to cease to love them,
That once were so enticing,
When in their bright devising !—
So poets say—each lay they sing us,
Earth-shadow'd feelings only bring us :
Yet might I break the pensive chain,
I'd shatter every link of pain ;
And leaving all that's cold and sear,
Show only Summer blossoms here.

Glenlee forth from Killowen past—
On Marriot he had look'd his last,
Perchance in this dark world—and yet,
He felt he never might forget
The lovely being who had sought
To win him from the powers of thought.
Now as he rode, the spangled wood,
Where Nature's peopled solitude,
In many a sweet unknown tongue,
Soft melody the zephyrs flung—

In clouded dreams of other times,
His soul, hushed by the vesper's chimes,
Through passion strayed—the varied past
Went floating round him in the blast—
When, lo! the sounds of armour clashing,
And steeds along the forest dashing,
Awoke him from that charmed retreat
Of memories, both sad and sweet!
And yet a pang shot through his breast,
As on him shone the glittering crest
Of England—and the brave and kind
Sir John of Norris, to the wind,
Waving her banner—many a knight
That oft had cheered him to the fight,
Was there—across his brow and cheek,
The swifter hurrying currents break;
Yet scarce a thought had come and gone,
When round him gather'd, one by one,
His former friends—their voices flow,
His hands are clasp'd, with genial glow
Of warm affection—laughing loud,
The welcome of that Warrior crowd!
Sir John was sad—and yet, how kind
His welcome; in young Roger's mind,
Each gen'rous word went deeper far,
Than thought of battle, or of war.

His honor doubly pledged—how vain
Each struggling effort to regain
The wonted firm and cloudless eye,
Where truth gave daring dignity!
Yet what were honor, fortune, now—
Kathleen! his life was in that vow.
Thus riding on, by wood and stream,
He felt the wreck of many a dream—
Hopes that were living, almost dead,
And rich exciting visions fled!
A few brief days had passed alone,
Since bending at a monarch's throne,
He pledged his faith, and sought to dare
The forest's dangerous paths—despair
Is all that's left him now—his word
Has vowed to wield his country's sword,
And faithful yet, he joins Sir John,
As tho' resolve and vow were gone.
With laugh or wonder, many a knight
Heard all he cared to tell, or might—
Then thus, "Thy deeds are for thy King,
"But we are off on honor's wing—
"The monster tyrant of the wild
"Has borne away our Chieftain's child,
"The soft-eyed Nina!—on—we say,
"On to the rescue, those that may."

They move along—Tralee is still
The captive of their merry will ;
Yet throb'd his heart unto his side,
And quivering was his lip of pride,
For down from every wood tree bough,
He sees the pallor of a brow—
And Kathleen's eyes' upbraiding glance,
Held in a dark bewildering trance.
The troop rode on—the young knights gay,
Did chat along the live-long day,
Of love and hope—fight—victory—
A lady's smiles—and chivalry
The father's brow, with grief oppress'd,
Was bent above his manly breast ;
He thought him of his darling child,
He thought him of the mountain wild,
He thought him of the copsewood glen,
The fastnesses above the trees,
The rocky homes that mocked the breeze,
The storm, the elements, and men—
And trembled—but a calm, a pleasure fell
Around him even, as riding down a dell,
A landscape burst upon him, pure, serene,
As if too bright for earth—it once had been—
And now a fancy o'er his senses came,
A sight more beautiful than words could name.

The evening sun had left his dies
Upon the crimson Western skies,
Reflected in the pure stream's hue,
Commingling purple with its blue;
And flung upon the woodland flower,
The golden tinge of evening hour—
Trees, far-piled trees, and forest pine,
With burning red and purple shine,
As tho' they mirrored back the skies,
From their new-pictured paradise—
Bright diamond drops shone on the grass,
And in the lake's calm breast of glass,
Reflected lies—dark, dread, and clear—
A monster mountain frowning near,
Blue, bare, and cold, save one high peak,
Up in the clouds—its topmost streak
Reaks in the floods of golden light,
Shed by the mistress of the night!
Where rising by its Eastern side,
She left the waters in her pride.
Still even as they pass along,
Eve's latest songsters lend their song;
And here and there they see appear,
A humble cot, a startled deer.
But hark! a thrilling bugle note—
They rein beside a yawning moat—

Flags hang above the rugged stone,
To heaven in wild confusion thrown,
Trees bear the colors of the sky—
A camp beneath—their banners lie—
Loud mirth went floating on the air—
The spirits of the war were there.
The Saxon spoke not—yet again,
They heard the same low bugle strain—
The draw-bridge fell—a grey-hair'd man,
The Chieftain of some mountain clan,
Appeared, with many a pleasant bow,
And welcome on his honest brow;
“Ho! varlet, ho!” thus spoke the Knight,
“Thy Chief is hither from the fight—
“Say one is here, for wrong and woe,
“Would speak—his dark and daring foe.”
“Yea! good Sir Lord—the Chief at morn
“Did chase the deer, with hound and horn;
“And wearied by the toilsome ride,
“Retired to rest—I pray thee, bide.”
“No! no—there’s anguish in the speed
“That urges on my heart—this steed,
“For many a mile along the lea,
“Was fleeter than the rolling sea—
“Like winds that rend the Summer Heaven,
“With thunder—so this deed has riven

"My soul—I may not tarry—go,
"Varlet—I wait to meet the foe."
"Nay! Sir Knight, I may not bear
"Threat'ning to the lion's lair."
"Twas spoken gently, yet aloud,
And as he spoke, the porter bow'd ;
"The board is spread for banquetting,
"And I have had command to bring
"The strangers where the wine-cup flows,
"And mirth abounds, and laughter glows,
"That all may share the goodly store,
"Our hero's from the battle bore."
"Our rifled wealth!—go, tell thy Lord,
"The Saxon may not share his board—
"Yet stay!" and then he turned away,
And spoke his Knights—a brief delay,
Sir John leans on Glenally's arm—
For noble hearts fear none of harm—
And they have boldly passed adown
A hall, where gloomy dangers frown,
And through how many a long low aisle,
That wound along that curious pile—
When all at once upon their gaze,
Burst out a broad and dazzling blaze
Of light, and in a crowded hall
They stood, and gazed upon them all!

All wore the same wide mantle round,
Their spears were by them on the ground ;
One at the sumptuous board presided,
His smiles were round that board divided—
His was a proud and noble mien,
Such eye Sir John had never seen—
Instead of dark and ruthless band,
It seemed like hall of fairy land ;
For kind and warmest smiles were there,
And all were vieing in their care
To give the strangers highest seat,
And choicest viands at the feast.

Mechanic'ly each Knight began
To mingle in the speech that ran
Around the board—and good Sir John
Felt half his rage and sorrow gone ;
They talked of nearly everything,
From fools and subjects, to a king—
Lord Norris told them how his child
Had been entrap'd, or else beguiled,
“ A being made for love and light,
“ The darling of her father's sight,”
He said—and every knightly cup,
Brimmed to the top, was lifted up
In Saxon hand—the Chieftain too,

A smile upon his warriors threw ;
“ Never” he said, “ did hero hear
“ Of daughter to a father dear,
“ Or beauty needing knightly sword,
“ But to his lips came generous word ;
“ So fill thy goblets, one and all,
“ Let one word ring around the hall—
“ The Lady Norris ! drain the bowl !
(And even the monks laid by the cowl,
To quaff to her) “ Now good Sir Knight,
“ What think’st thou of the straggling fight
“ That’s raging through our land—dost bring
“ Our Prince a proffer from the King ?”
“ Nay, Chieftain, for my child I came—
“ I cast aside the badge of fame,
“ And those young Warriors waiv’d the fight,
“ To join me in the cause of right.
“ King Richard never more shall hold
“ A parley with thy Chieftain bold ;
“ His power shall rend away, I ween,
“ His shadowy strongholds, held between
“ The naked woods—a price, a ban,
“ Is on this leader of your clan.”

A smile—a bitter, mocking smile,
Was on his list’ner’s lip, the while

Lord Norris spoke—and gently then,
He waved his hand—the Dalgais men,
Noiseless as spirits, left the hall :
He answer'd then, in words that fall,
Tho' soft and low, on mind and brain—
As pierces oft the Summer rain,
When falling from a lighted sky,
Where all around is parched and dry !
The Knight had thought to see him wage
The warfare of his passion's rage,
In hireling words—but, hushed and low,
His clear, yet murmuring accents flow :
“ Stranger ! I've heard thee—yet thy words, I fain
“ Would cast away—erase the galling pain
“ Those words have given—but as thy speech has
pass'd,
“ Say, would'st thou have a man, a Chieftain cast
“ From out his father's halls of princely pride—
“ His boundless lands, his home, his forests wide,
“ By those who came but to usurp, enthrall,
“ Without one single struggle, ere he'd fall ?
“ Would'st thou thus have him coldly see a foe
“ Take up his dwelling by his hearth—and go,
“ Carelessly, silently, upon the world,
“ Like some base adder, from a pathway hurl'd ?
“ Nay ! would'st thou even have him yield his land,

“ Without one battle on her circling strand,
“ To meet the overwhelming torrent’s foam,
“ That came to sweep him from his Island home ?
“ In record of the ages pass’d away,
“ Knowest thou—or hast thou heard of such a day—
“ When men have left the land their fathers held,
“ And never made one struggle, ere expell’d ?
“ Nay! give us but one moment’s thoughtful care,
“ And then thy mind shall feel, thy heart must
 share
“ The Warrior’s anguish and the Prince’s pain—
“ Pride crushed, love bowed, and shame and power
 in vain.”

Much more his speech—and then, as tho’
His words had borne him with their flow,
He ceased—Sir John had watched his eye,
And listen’d to the deep, and high,
And brilliant words that softly fell,
As gentle as the soothing spell
We feel beneath night’s glowing skies,
To list some thrilling note that dies
Amid the waters—or the gentle waves,
That murmur dirges over pebbled graves,
Calming as shadow of a woody bower,
Melting as sunbeam on a waxen flower.

The Knight was gazing—who had seen
A prouder eye, a milder mien—
There was the courtly smile, the arm
To bear a sword—the lip, whose charm
Did win him, though he knew not why,
But sat and listen'd silently.

A moment—then the Chief arose,
And laid his sword aside,
Smiling upon his guests and foes,
More kindly than in pride ;
“ Forgive my hasty speech,” he said,
“ All should be friendly here ;
“ By kinder words I should have made
“ Amends for rougher cheer.
“ But come—we'll seek another hall,
“ Where blither friends are met ;
“ Whose words may make the festival
“ More sweet and tempting yet.”
A meaning smile was on his cheek—
All, wond'ring, followed—none could speak !

* * * * *

Within a soft and shadowy room,
Where scarcely through rich curtains fell
The lighted skies' rich crimson dies,

Illumining the coming gloom,
And lighting up the woody dell ;
A maiden lies, and sadly sighs.

Grief had no part to call the tear
That trembled 'neath her eye-lid's fringe,
Nor in the glow, upon her brow ;
Nor was there aught of pain or fear,
In that deep rushing crimson tinge
Whose rapid flow is vanish'd now.

No ! no !—the atmosphere of earth
Was now another air to her ;
New thoughts, new feelings, had their birth,
Within her heart—where all concur
To make the dream, 'tho' meet for tears,
A maze of hope for future years,

Oh ! yes—bright dreams were in her soul,
And on her brow impressed ;
Nor can her beating heart control
The feelings all too blessed,
That rise, delighting—yet a chill
Rests on that future's vision still.
For now the fading past comes back—
The vision fadeth to its track—

She feels in thought her father's eye
Upon her, scrutinizingly ;
As tho' he'd read the soul that swelled
With gladness, while the heart rebelled !
She sighed, and wept, then closed her eyes,
Like one who sorrows, yet defies
All sorrow—when a gentle tone,
Sweet music to her spirit, lone,
Was murmur'd in her ear—a glance
Was on her waking from her trance—
Donald Mac Morrough by her side
Was standing—rush'd the flushing tide
Across her cheek—upon his arm,
His sister leant !—like 'wildering charm,
Before young Nina's heart was hushed—
Before the tinge had backward rushed,
That gave her cheek its brilliant hue,
Unto her breast—proud Marriot drew,
Press'd in her arms, could words express
The kindness of that one caress !
Years of affection, years of truth,
Were imaged there ; in early youth,
Friends soon are friends—so feelings grew,
Till scarce they thought the tie was new ;
For Marriot sought her love—and tried
To win her, for her Donald's bride.

Lord Norris had a mind above
The paltry things that men approve ;
Sect—party—grade—that, like a glass,
Reflect the fancies of their class—
Cold, selfish pride, or stubborn will,
That must be slaughtered, or must kill.
He stood aloof—his heart it was,
That made him love his King and laws ;
And now within that heart he shrined
The Chieftain's words of mighty mind.
But there was yet another soul
That shrank beneath that dark eye's roll,
And felt the deep mysterious spell,
That in his burning accents fell ;
The trance so deeply had he caught,
His mind lost all the pow'rs of thought—
When feeling yet that pleasing thrall,
He sadly follow'd down the hall ;
But who could guess his strange surprise,
When burst upon his dazzled eyes
That room—the walls with banners rare
Were hung—and trophies placed with care—
Whilst figures carv'd with wondrous art,
Stood out in each uncover'd part—
A maiden, 'neath a canopy
Of laurel leaves, sat thoughtfully,

And gazed around on many a one,
How lovely to be look'd upon—
And wondrous, all that beauteous band
Were ladies of his Saxon land !
Lord Norris gazed—but saw alone
One form—heard but one voice's tone—
And starting forward, wildly press'd
His darling Nina to his breast.
And now he's held her back, to gaze
Upon her loved, her sweet young face—
All of that gay and courtly band
Smile on the heroes of their land,
Whilst every hand but one is press'd,
And every one but one caress'd.

Poor Marriot sat, and strove to smile,
And gaze in silence all the while ;
No hand was held to her—no eye
Met hers, and met delightedly—
Glenlee was there—she looked again
On one, whom now to see was pain ;
His mantle touch'd her arm, and yet,
He saw her not—his eyes were set
Upon the Lady Norris, now—
As tossing from her noble brow
Her curls, she smiles upon that band—
See now Glenlee has caught her hand,

And to those snowy fingers press'd
His lips—in Marriot's throbbing breast,
How many a feeling, bursting swell'd,
She thought for ever hush'd and quell'd.

It was too much!—she sadly turn'd,
To hide the misery, that spurn'd
Her powers of mind to quell or hide,
No matter how she strove or tried;
And softly glided from the hall,
Like spirit from a festival!
No longer there—her form has pass'd,
And but one hurried glance is cast,
Where fainting lingers yet,
The glorious form—the queenly eye—
The step of maiden dignity.
Ah! had their glances met,
Not long Glenally's voice had died
For want of words—for at her side,
He felt a charm—she pass'd him by—
He breathes unknowingly a sigh;
And fell upon his soul a blight,
That darkened yet his spirit's night!
He stood, and with his wavering mind,
From side to side, unfix'd, inclined—
Gazed on the scene—the Knight—his child—
And he, this Chieftain of the wild—

The banner'd roof—the curious wall—
The carved device—the painted scroll—
Fair ladies, beautiful and proud,
In clusters where their heroes crowd—
A minstrel, o'er a harp's strings bending—
But hark! his music's voice ascending,
And strains of thrilling minstrelsy,
Deeds of the Chieftain, of the free—
Glenally started!—what—the brave!
Was he whose murmurs could enslave.

“Hark! to the battle-field sounds the cry,
“Fling up the emerald flag on high!
“Wildly the fleet ones rush down by the hills,
“Swiftly the shallops bound on through the rills—
“Whose is the trumpet, that boldly flings
“Threats at the bravest of Island Kings?
“Whose is the flag, on the evening skies,
“Robbing the sun of his sinking dies?
“Little he minds it—he skims the field—
“Bright is the sheen of his temper'd shield!
“Bold as the stag, on the mountains bare,
“On through the battle—he's everywhere.
“See how that banner is sinking low,
“Down 'mid the shriek of the dying foe!
“See, in the valley the turf is red—
“Where shall they bury their Saxon dead?

“ Sons of the Briton, the hands were brave—
“ Hush’d are thy homes in the heather grave—
“ Lies there a blight on thy country’s power—
“ Proud are our hearts in this fated hour !
“ Our own, and our bravest, the Kavanagh’s hand
“ Was light on the foe of his native land—
“ He held with his sword, and his foot was press’d,
“ How firm on the suppliant foeman’s breast—
“ When lo ! he arose, and he snapt in twain
“ The sword that but then on his foe had lain—
“ He raised, and he placed on his battle steed,
“ And bade him away, at that courser’s speed ;
“ For he was a youth, and his feats of fame
“ Might bear to his manhood his boyish name.
“ The proud Hy Kinsellagh had scorn’d to rest
“ His sword for a sheath in that hero breast—
“ ‘ Go ! flee—’ he said, ‘ for thy foot shall be
“ ‘ A kingly foot, by thy native lea—
“ ‘ Aye ! Henry of Monmouth, thy sword shall trace
“ ‘ A haughtier home for thy kingly race.’ ”

Oh ! who shall tell the feats of war
That lit our ancient Island’s star,
When ages come—depart—decline—
Save yet, Oh ! Fates, this page of mine.

CHAPTER XI.

"Thou shouldst have been, for thy distress,
Less pure—and oh! more passionless."

HAEVY.

'Twas morning! such a morning as we love,
When life and hope are young within the heart—
Dark sun-fring'd clouds, just bursting, lay above,
The mountains shading—as they glide apart,
In floods of radiance, the sunbeams dart
From roof to pinnacle—rocks, mountains, streams,
Glitter and sparkle—till the rays depart,
Leaving in shadow, like the light of dreams,
To bear to darkness their enchanting beams.

The sun arose, like something bold and pure,
Bounding and noble, half of pride and glee—
As boyhood, buoyant, ready to endure,
Bursting through cloud and storm, undaunted, free,

Far off his light lay on the mighty sea—
Save here and there, where dark clouds imaged lay !
Small white-sail'd skiffs, like silver specks did flee
Across the bosom of that mighty bay,
Whilst breezes bathed them in the glowing spray.

He stood by his wild home, and gazed,
Gazed down upon the scene,
If other eyes had seen and praised !
He lov'd that ocean's sheen—
He lov'd the mountain turrets well,
The rivulet, the woods, the dell—
Yet now, O'Byrne, thy thought afar,
Lives with thy brave heart's idol star.

* * * * *

Alone, within a silent hall,
Hush'd—still—all, all but passionless,
Poor Marriot lay—no tears may fall,
To cool the agonies that press
Upon her brain—nor feels she less,
The silent grief that none can see
Is hers—her suffering can possess
No hope, no feeling—pity dies,
When pride upbraids her for her sighs.

She glided from that festive hall,
Her broken spirit crush'd and moved—
Yet feeling the awaken'd thrall,
The power of him so fondly loved !
All thought arose, and disapproved,
Throughout that weary night in vain—
The past's own living memories proved
A deeper incentive to pain.

And must she see him side by side,
And feign a miserable pride !
She wept for all the days of feeling,
The hours from life's bright pathway stealing,
She'd cast, with lavish love and care,
On one who reck'd not her despair ;
And strove to fancy that his eye
Had never marked the witchery
Upon her falling—did he see,
Her heart must scorn the treachery
That won her—not by love, but kindness—
Until she lavish'd, in her blindness,
Her all of love on him—and then,
He tells, he may not love again.

A harp, within a lowly aisle,
Gave music to a throng, the while,

Of listless stragglers, passing on,
One moment here—another, gone!
But stranger was the guise and gear
Of her who drew the willing tear,
With wileing note and witching hand,
From even the hardest of the band
That listed to that music good :—
Wrapp'd in a mantle and a hood,
A form by age and sorrow bent,
An eye that told the spirit rent
With suffering—a voice that tried
To pour words, on her lips that died—
Limbs trembling to the very strain,
That gave the echo of her pain.

Poor Eva ! it was her who'd dared
The wildwoods ; where the mountains rear'd,
Their crests, right onward had she fled
To bear the message of the dead—
The crowd was gone, sad and alone,
She stood beside that alter stone,
That tottering old and ruin'd shrine,
Built once to emblem things divine,
And pour'd unto the lonely vault,
The sadden'd echoes that it caught—

" My last loved of this olden heart,
" Must it be mine to tear apart
" The relics of the only ray
" That ever lit thy orphan'd way ?
" Must it be mine to overcast,
" Must it be mine to crush and blast
" That manhood's dream, whose troubled cloud
" Upon his glowing forehead bow'd ?
" And it was I who turned aside
" The purpose of his honor's pride—
" Enticing from the purest soul,
" That ever felt this earth's control,
" Her whose last dying breath proclaimed
" The worship of a name she named !"

A step by aisle and courtway rung,
A list'ner on her accents hung—
A silent heart was still to hear,
A breathless bosom throb'd with fear—
Glenlee, thy spirit well may bow
To all that bursteth on thee now ;
Thou well may'st stand in mute surprise,
That word or utterance denies !
A bound and starting—stern and high,
Old Eva met his burning eye.

A moment—and low words express'd
The feelings of his lonely breast:—
“ I know it, mother, know it all—
“ And nothing can the past recal—
“ I saved myself, but left her there,
“ Deserted to her heart's despair !
“ Madness and death—yet not a sigh
“ I'll breathe, but turn, and seek to die
“ On battle field ! (Ah ! me—how vain,
“ To vow against love's fatal chain.)
“ Oh ! mother—force me not to weep—
“ It's well, oh ! well for those that sleep ;
“ Sorrow and joy, grief, hope, and pain,
“ Are but the mummeries of the brain !
“ Earth has no more the pow'r to fling
“ Its bitter blight, its withering,
“ On thee or me—beloved one !
“ Its joys and power alike are gone.”
He raised his eyes—they met a gaze,
Set silently upon his face ;
He scarce had thought it look'd despair,
When, lo ! it faded into air.

* * * * *

'Twas morning ! yet the breezes sighed,
And song-birds 'mid the branches tried

To pour their sweetest lays—whilst through
The Summer leaves the breezes flew.
Young Marriot glided to her bower—
Knelt down and wept—she had not power
To stay their tide; why did she try
To pray for strength alone to die—
Oh! there are moments on us shed,
When hopes we strove to fancy dead—
And feelings we had cast aside,
And thought we'd buried in our pride—
And wishes known and felt how! vain
Come back upon the heart and brain;
Such was the power of buried feeling,
That rush'd with all a hearts appealing,
On Marriot's mind, yet stern resolve
Shall soon that moments tears absolve.

There is the banquet hall again,
It rings not now with merry strain—
Chiefs stand around with plume in hand,
The chivalry of all the land!
Some gaze upon a ponderous door—
Yet one, whose eye is on the floor,
With quivering lip and varying cheek,
Feels more than all the rest can speak.

Now see—the portals open wide—
The Princess by Mac Morrrough's side,
Is gliding down the silent hall—
And now she smiles amongst them all.
Her hair is deck'd with gems, that fade
Beside the lustre of its braid—
Her cheek is fever'd—and her eye
And lip are all intensity
Of purpose, formed where sorrow stung !
(The first deep sorrow of the young)
Yet did she smile—a low soft gleam
Of smiles—it seem'd a passing dream ;
So strangers said—for those who knew
The maiden well, a favor'd few,
Were chill'd—for in that alter'd tone,
The stern, the lofty, and the lone,
They knew the hours of woman's pride
Had cast her girlhood's joy aside.
O'Byrne ! the bravest heart that beat
In Dalgais breast that day, was thine—
Where was the battle's wildest heat,
There didst thou ever break the line !
Thy heart is beating cold and wild—
'Twere better that she had not smiled
On thee—thy feelings, long in strife,
Have, dying, caught a ray of life.

They met ! he lov'd in early years,
When neither knew the power of tears ;
Words, passion'd sighs, were vain to tell
How much he lov'd—he lov'd so well ;
Nor one of all that band might claim
A truer heart, a higher name !

A many a Knight rush'd to a place,
Beside that mistress, queen of grace—
Around were beings, fresh and fair ;
Her cheek was pallid as despair !
And yet, all eyes admiring turned
On her—for soul and feeling burned
Beneath her sweeping lids—and mind,
And soul, were on her brow combined,
And thought—aye ! well might thought be there,
Where spirit battled with despair—
And truth sought for its open place,
And fear and trembling gave it chase.

A princely word had pledged away
Her hand upon a fatal day—
And this the hour—the battle done,
The victors claim the promise won.
And must the weary spirit feign
Affection, truth, or feeling, vain ?—

No ! never—"Wed without a soul !
" 'Twere better die 'mid trumpet's roll,
" Than seek to share one faithless part
" Of this sear'd, callous, hollow heart."

There many a youthful brow was beaming—
There were the Britons, one and all—
There were the Dalgais belt skeins gleaming,
Reflected on the armour'd wall ;
Whilst shone the sunbeams through the vines,
That up the waving woodbine twines.

Lord Norris was the first to break
The murmuring whispers of the crowd ;
While Nina, breathless, heard him speak,
And to her hands her forehead bow'd :
" Chieftain ! I thank thee—such a name
" Should wear a yet more lasting fame.

" For in thy heart there is a place
" For every high and holy deed ;
" And if there is a deed of grace,
" That even might for treason plead,
" That deed was thine—when thou didst bear
" My child unto her father's care."

“Nay !” spoke the Prince, “such words of thine
“ Were never won by meed of mine ;
“ Truly I dared and wood and wild,
“ To save thy young and gentle child—
“ And well her trust and truth repaid,
“ Her hand within thine own I laid !
“ We travel’d by a many a stream,
“ And by the darkwood’s forest gleam—
“ Her holy trust exalted me,
“ And proudly did I bear to thee ;
“ And risk’d the confidence of those,
“ My bravest friends—to aid my foes.
“ Yet none of praise for gentle thought—
“ Nor hope of thanks of thine I sought—
“ Nor swerv’d I from my country’s wrongs,
“ The echoes of her minstrels’ songs.”

(Mac Morrough’s haughty brow was bent,
As round the room one glance he sent—
A thrilling glance, that with it brought
A feeling (often vainly sought
Before) to every Saxon there :

Just what their minds had often made
The hero of the greenwood glade,
Before his courtly care,

His wondrous charms of mind and mien,
Had made them what they had not been)
“ Sir ! if I placed her proudly here,
“ I swear, it was that she was dear
“ As life to me—more precious far,
“ Than seraphs to their orbits are !
“ I claim her hand—I ask no dower—
“ Her fortune, is her matchless power,
“ To charm the heart—to win the soul,
“ From earth’s most bitter, cold control—
“ To pour the incense of her smiles,
“ When all of life the heart defiles,
“ And give us back the bliss of youth,
“ Reflected purity and truth !
“ But say you cannot grant my prayer—
“ Go ! take thy child—your steeds are there ;
“ And, tho’ I grieve, I’ll ne’er repine,
“ That e’er I met a child of thine—
“ Oh ! no—Mac Morrough’s life shall be,
“ Lady ! one memory of thee.”
He turned away—while Nina’s hand
Was cold—her father’s like a brand—
He shrank astonish’d and surprised—
The thought was like a dream devised !
A moment did he look aside,
As if to curb his rising pride—

Then gazed to see the crimson glow,
On Nina's forehead come and go !
That look sufficed to tell a tale—
Of hero Chief, with coat of mail,
And maiden's heart too lightly won,
For ever given—for ever gone.
He felt her cold, cold, trembling hand
In his—nor might her eyes withstand—
He frown'd—as clouds that burst and break
Along some bold expanding peak—
So shot the scowl, defiance hurling,
The while his haughty lip was curling,
Along his brow—he turn'd to speak,
But ere his utter'd words could break
The silence—startling through the hall,
There rang a rapid bugle call !
A stranger strode the floor, and knelt—
A parchment hurried from his belt—
Sir John grew even as he read,
As pallid as the falling dead !
O'Byrne stood by Marriot's side—
His heart found utterance—like the tide
Of ocean—all the treasure stored,
His deep impassion'd love, was pour'd
On her unwilling ear—" Oh! cease—
" Nor break my little left of peace."

Poor Marriot sigh'd, "It is not mine,
"Or else my love, O'Byrne, were thine."
"Lady!"—the Chief bent to her side—
"Have I no right to claim thy hand?
"Whose sword was first down by the tide,
"To drive the stranger from our land?—
"Oh! Marriot, have I lov'd in vain—
"Is mine the passion and the pain?"
"O'Byrne! why didst thou thus rely
"Upon thy Chieftain name?—
"I love thee not—nor may deny,
"There is another's fame
"Dear to me—tho' unloving—dear!
"O'Byrne—I grieve that thou art here."
She turned—the Chief had pass'd away,
He dared not trust his passion's sway!
Mac Morrough heard the bugle call—
And saw the Saxon Knight,
With hasty strides pass down the hall,
And turned him from the sight.
Lord Norris, pale, and stir'd and stung—
While Nina to her father clung.

In silent thought Mac Morrough sought
His sister's side—what passions fought

Within his heart—he saw indeed,
The sternness British laws decreed :—
Not one of those, within whose veins
The blood of ancient empire reigns,
May join that pure, untainted tide,
With one of Britain's names of pride—
“ And how could I, one loving soul,
“ The madness of that law control !”
He inly sighed—“ His scornful eye
“ Look'd on his daughter, slightly—
“ I saw it in his quivering lip,
“ The hand that started to his hip,
“ One moment resting on his sword—
“ I felt it in his haughty word,
“ The pride, the scorn, the olden hate !
“ Would that this soul could antedate
“ The times—and never had their feet
 “ Left tracks along our free-born hills—
“ And yet, as kingdoms should we meet,
 “ Unsever'd by our myriad ills.
“ Nina ! farewell—so poor a fame
“ Shall never taint thy gentler name ;
“ Thou shalt not lose that name, for mine—
“ Tho' fame, and name, and hope are thine.”
Thus to his heart, a stern decree,
Mac Morrough murmur'd—“ Thou art free !”

The Chief, O'Byrne, went proudly by—
Arigh Kinsellagh read his eye,
And hurried to his sister's side—
Then murmur'd, "Thou hast not relied
"On me in vain—pure is the stream
"That runs beneath thy dark eye's gleam;
"Thy will is free, my father's child,
"While I am Chieftain of the wild!
"I pledg'd thy hand, 'tis true, but so
"That thou might yet the claim forego."
Just as he spoke, the Lord Tralee
Aroused him from the witchery
Of thought—the cold, the stern, the strong,
That still had borne him, aye! along—
And stood at Marriot's side, the trace
Of rending sorrow on his face,
And spoke—"Mac Morrough! once I sought
"Thy aid—a mountain pathway brought
"My courser to thy castle strong;
"I watch'd and waited there for long.
"Rear'd in a land where blood ran high
"For battle-field and victory—
"Then torn away, 'mid courtly strife,
"To learn the ease of Saxon life—
"I was; and from the royal hand
"Of England's King, received my land!

“ For, Prince ! I am not what I seem—

“ No foreign blood has met the stream

“ That flows within my veins—as free

“ As thine, the blood of Lord Tralee !”

(A murmur ran from voice to voice !—

The harper’s hand was on the string—

Its tones were like one word, “ Rejoice !”

His very fingers seem’d to cling

Amid the chords, as bursting forth,

He sung of honour, fame, and worth.)

He waved his hand—his forehead flush’d—

To silence all the hall was hush’d—

“ I linger’d in thy castle long,

“ Awaiting thee—a many a song

“ Thy harper ever tuned, to cheer

“ A spirit, tried, and rent, and drear ;

“ And this sweet maiden often sought

“ To win my sinking soul to thought.”

Mac Morrough’s brow was black as night,

At mention of so loved a name ;

Tralee mark’d not his passion’s might,

But thought of woe, and spoke of fame.

“ The chords are rent, that once were twined,

“ With feeling, soul, and sense combined ;

“ And I must to the battle strife,

“ To die, or win me back to life !

" Thy banner from this day is mine—
" My hand and sword, my Prince, are thine !
" I feel this weary earth, for me
 " Is now no resting place—for none,
" In all its wild immensity,
 " Feel when I've left them, more alone !"

The dark-eyed Marriot stood and smiled,
 A smile to gild the heart's despair ;
It hung upon her drooping lids,
 And hid the wreck that quiver'd there.
Yet tears arose not in the fount—
 No softer feeling had a part,
In all the waking memories hid,
 Within her self-accusing heart.
There came upon her, thoughts and dreams,
 That from her all the present cast ;
The throng within that echoing room
 Were lost within the call'd-up past !
She saw him go—the soft eyed one—
 To seek the battle's burning throng ;
Where ev'ry helm, and sword, and shield,
 For blood-red warfare sweeps along.

Mac Morrough mark'd the bitter strife
 That stir'd his gentle sister's soul,
Bound in that youthful stranger's life—
 And Nina from her father stole,

To cling to Marriot's side—those three
Have left that crowded hall, and he,
The stern Kinsellagh, knows no more,
The vow of parting, made before ;
But with the lov'd, his all of life,
Recalls no more the battle's strife—
He was entranc'd—if aught could witch,
There, seated in that window nitch ;
When, lo ! a voice rings on his ear,
With flashing eye, and hurried air,
O'Byrne's voice was foremost there—

“ My Prince ! my Chief ! the Knight has fled—
“ Gone all—gone by the dusky mere !
“ Stolen forth, as silent as the dead—
“ To meet yon myriads, bearing down
“ Upon our mountain fort and town.
“ Marriot, farewell !—on battle field,
“ I go to die !—here ! here ! my shield !—
“ Soldiers, to arms !—up with the bridge !
“ Now, fire and sword !—look on yon ridge—
“ Thick as the sunbeams through the clouds that reel,
“ Sparkle a forest of their burnish'd steel !”

Mac Morrough started—“ By my faith,

“ I should have known the dogs they were !
“ Well ! let them come—good steeds, I trow,

“That bears by yonder rocky brow !
“Let every man and tower prepare.”
Then spoke he sneeringly, “In truth—
“My Lord Glenally ! from thy youth,
“No foeman’s spear, on field of war,
“Has ever left thee, yet, a scar.”
“A scar ! long since, in bloody strife,
“Mac William made me feel his knife ;
“But, thanks to some unknown mistake,
“He left me wounded, in a brake—
“And turned upon poor Mortimer !
“A braver soul, I do aver,
“Did never dwell in mortal frame !
“He did mistake him, by his name,
“For me—poor fellow ! not a stone
“Tells of his death-bed, cold and lone.”
Mac Morrough offer’d no comment—
No disapproval, or dissent—
And, Marriot ! was there none to feel
The sorrow in thine eye’s appeal !—
And truer far than words could speak,
The quivering lip, the pallid cheek—
Aye ! like a thing we know, yet dare
Scarce let the willing heart believe ;
He felt—yet doubted—for despair
Might well the coldest mind deceive.

The banquet hall is cold and still—
But peopled by one wanderer's will—
And sighing round its echoing walls,
The requiem lay of sorrow falls.

“Gone! and for ever—pass'd away,
“In thy young beauty's bloom;
“Snatch'd by the hand of cold decay,
“To wither in the tomb!
“And can it be?—for ever more,
“That I must grieve thee, and deplore
“The charm that could illumine
“The darkest paths of life for me—
“For Heaven had brighter things for thee.

“It's vain to grieve—yet, oh! to feel,
“The prize I tried so long
“To win, and guard, in woe or weal,
“From tyranny and wrong,
“Has left me, where that bright eye's glance
“Shall never meet me, to entrance!
“A wreck amidst the throng
“That pass around me, day by day,
“Nor miss me, when I've pass'd away!

“Where is thy form—thy gentle pow'r,
“To soothe with kind caress,

“The bitterness of sorrowing hour—
“The hand that used to press
“Upon my brow—the lip that smiled,
“And with its gentle voice beguiled—
“Thy very breath could bless!
“Yet I must cease to grieve for thine—
“Thou wert too pure for fate like mine.”

Glenally ceas'd—a rapid fire
Rang shrill against the battled wire—
A shriek—a clang—a wild rebound—
And all the echoing vaults resound!
He sprang adown the dismal aisle,
Dark as his native wild defile.

CHAPTER XII.

" At length we moved; then was the shock—
Then was the battle's roar!
Re-echoing shouts, from rock to rock,
Resounding, shook the shore!
With ten-fold might each nerve was strung,
Each bosom glow'd with flame;
Each Chief, exulting, forward sprung,
And rush'd to promis'd fame."

Translated from the Irish, by Miss BROOK.

The Southern breeze, 'mid sun and shade,
Was murmuring its low serenade—
Through many a leafy shrub and nook,
Its breath the clustering branches shook;
And made a music all its own,
Afar, amid sweet gardens blown,
And beautiful—the choicest flowers
Were there—and there, the coolest bowers!
Around, about, tall forest trees
Shut in the odour—whilst the breeze

But came, to catch and waft away,
From roses, blooming where they lay,
And eglantine, and mignonette,
To choicer flow'rs more sweetness yet !
Indeed it was a pleasant scene—
So much of bloom—so much of green ;
And in the centre of it all,
That rare and dark old Abbey wall—
Yes ! there thy noble pile, Clonmines,
Was dark above the shading pines.

One tow'r, or ruder balcony,
Look'd half upon the Southern sea ;
And half afar, where many a brook,
Its way from mountain torrents took,
That sprung 'mid rocks, the bold and rude,
Cold, cragged homes of solitude—
And sweeping onward, brave and free,
Glides calmly now by valley lea ;
Nor marks the strife that echoes make
Upon the bosom of the lake,
Its lord—where ever does 'it pour
Its tributary mountain store.

Where hung that tower above the wild,
Now gazed the Briton's only child !

The ringlets of her golden hair
Are sporting round her forehead fair—
And screening, as they rise and float,
The beauty of her matchless throat—
The while, the sunbeams as they shine,
Amongst them, laughing colors twine.
Yet Nina look'd not on the waves—
Her thoughts were in the place of graves—
The scene where fancy sent the shield,
Far battling down the tinted field—
Where slaughter's cry, and broken skein,
And sounding axe rung on the green—
Where bounding chargers neigh'd and pranc'd,
And flick'ring spears in ether glanc'd ;
As sunbeams shoot along the sky,
And then in misty cloudlets die !
Here could she trace the tatter'd blue,
That once a vaunting banner flew—
And there in shreds and fragments cast,
The mantles of her country, pass'd—
Died in their native blood—the breeze,
Far wafting by the ingle trees.
A gentle voice awoke her soul
From this bewild'ring dream—as roll
The clouds of Summer from its sun,
Obscurity destroying, run

Those gentle tones along her heart—
The shadows of her thoughts depart :
Another form, another smile,
Look'd by her on the scene, the while
She dreamt—but where the glance divine,
Once flashing from those orbs of thine,
Sweet Marriot ?—not the clang that told,
Where war-shouts through the vallies roll'd—
Or warriors hied by pathways green,
And charging coursers reel'd and strode—
While far upon the river's sheen,
A hue among its ripples flow'd,
That gave the pallor to her cheek—
Words to her heart, lips could not speak !
Her head had lain upon her hand—
Her dark hair streaming from its band,
Falling around it—whilst her eyes,
Like some full cloud in darker skies,
Beneath their lids' long fringes lay ;
And now and then, a tear would stray,
Bursting its fountain—like a lone
Spring starting in a torrid zone—
Adown her cheek—serrid and cold,
As sands on midnight deserts roll'd.
The thought—one passing eye had seen
Her soul's one secret—ne'er had been

A prouder step, a firmer eye,
A form of calmer dignity—
Till enter'd this unbidden thought,
That gave the hue her cheek has caught ;
For aye, her spirit's dream has died,
Died, and her heart's lost power of pride !

* * * * *

When battle clarion loudly gave
Its echo to the waters blue ;
Down, dancing on the sunny wave,
A little shallop, bounding, flew—
Dark brows and hearts, with hands of care,
Hung round the burden that she bare.
Mac Murrough clasp'd the mantle's fold
On Nina's trembling breast ;
With tender accents, softly told,
Her hand his lips have press'd,
And placing in that little boat !—
Oh ! hour of unforgotten tears—
Ere yet that bark was set afloat ;
Earth has no death in all her years,
For such a moment—feelings flow,
Commingle, deathless, ere we know
We've felt—ah ! me, how wildly dear,
The mem'ry of love's earliest tear !—

A gentle murmur, half of fears—
And quiv'ring accents, fondly warm—
Her spirit trembles, as it hears !
It bends, that Warrior's haughty form—
As side by side, his all of earth,
He places in that little birth.

Mac Murrough scorn'd the bitter wrong
He'd suffer'd from the knightly throng;
Yet rose the honor of his soul,
Above revenge's base control—
Pure as the banner that he bore,
Bright as the girdle skein he wore:
Swift as the wind that beats the clouds,
Bold as the sailor in the shrouds,
Rapid as ocean waves that rise,
Fleet as the lightning from the skies,
The orders of the Chief!—as roar
Of ocean, on to battle bore
The hosts—when burst his stern command,
Thus to the heroes of his land:—
“ Away ! clear down the mountain side !
“ Leave not a shadow on the tide
“ Of yonder stream, of foeman's spear,
“ Hung boldly by its waters clear.
“ The sword has left its foreign sheath,
“ Their standard braves the hills beneath.

“ Their axes rend the falling woods,
“ Their chargers feed beside the floods—
“ The sounds of riot and of song,
“ Are breaking all the hills among—
“ They jar upon mine ear!—away!
“ Thine is the battle, and the day!”
Ere yet the wild huzza was hush’d,
That on the awaken’d stillness rush’d,
Mac Murrough’s war-horse swept the sward;
And murmuring then the loving word,
 He saw that boat depart,
And bear away along the waters,
His earth’s sole treasures, beauty’s daughters,
 Far from his home and heart!
The ripples fled behind their prow,
 The mountains pass’d to air;
And anchoring from the river’s flow,
 No more they linger there—
For Nina now, and Marriot, leave
 Their little shallop in the nook;
They may not linger, may not grieve,
 But swift their coursers, by the brook,
With urging fleet, and guardians meet,
 Toil on by many a wood—
Yet toil were sweet, to burning heat
 Far from the sounding flood.

Long hours have pass'd !—a moment more—
They linger by the ocean's roar—
And there thy Abbey wall, Clonmines !
Above the flowing wave inclines—
Far from his camp and noisy strife,
In quiet ease of convent life,
Awhile to rest—while yet the war
Was raging in defiles afar ;
The maidens knew Mac Murrough's will,
And grieving yet, yet gladly still,
Their tears now sweetly, warmly fell,
When shelter'd in that friendly cell—
And tended with as kind a care,
As were those lovely beings fair ;
Altho' a dark, a shadowy trace
Of sorrow lay on every face.
Poor Nina vainly gazed afar—
For mountains hid the scene of war ;
Skirmish and battle, fight and fray,
Raged furiously that live-long day !
Stray minstrels from the battle came,
And named a many a soldier's name,
Wounded or gone !—in thrilling fear,
See, now they mark a Knight's career,
Approaching far—now hid, now seen,
Skirting the woodlets on the green ;

The stranger maid, in stranger land,
Had link'd her own in Marriot's hand,
And sob'd, " My father ! far and wild,
" The mountains hold thee from thy child ;
" Oh ! would the barriers might depart,
" And let me see thee as thou art !
" Yon steed is fleet as falcon free—
" Dear Marriot ! does it speed to thee
" Or me ?—yet, yet I am not weak,
" But even a soldier's child—whose cheek
" Has never blanch'd, when foeman's steel
" Has made the war-steed bound and reel."
" I know not, Nina—yet, ah ! me—
" Why fails my spirit's minstrelsy."
So Marriot sighed—her forehead press'd
Her hand, and heav'd her throbbing breast—
Then burst a wild, half song, half pray'r,
Away upon the trembling air:—

Hush ! my soul—I see his spear
Down upon the foeman fall ;
Bounds his steed in full career,
Madly by the ivied wall !
Hark ! I hear the wild aboo,
Rushing all the forests through ;
Foemen, now the Dalgais true

Laugh to scorn thy gaudy crew—
Know, Kinsellagh's Chief is here!
What is sword, or spear, or shield,
To the hands that thunders wield—
What are crowds on battle field,
To the heart to dangers steel'd?
Back upon the wood and mere—
Guard him from the stranger—guard him!
From the countless foemen save!
From all trait'rous dangers ward him—
Leave him yet a prouder grave!
Son of kings and heroes, bravest
Heaven—of all thy bounty gavest—
Hear, oh! hear—thy servant cravest—
Save, when faithless wile enslavest
Bending bondsmen, to their shame!
Round about him, bold and free,
Mountains tower, rivers be—
May each belted Chieftain see,
In the glorious imag'ry,
Urgers on to hero fame!

She ceas'd—and Nina hush'd to hear,
Then murmur'd, " See, the charger near!"
" Yes! Nina, yes!—but dost thou sigh,
" A grieving, lest thy father die,

" Alone—dost pray, no other form
" May brave the fury of the storm ?
" The steed that bore him to the fight,
" Oh ! may it bear him, even at night !
" Earth holds no other now for me,
" The world has many a charm for thee.
" Father and mother live no more—
 " We felt no cares that they had given—
" No thought a mother's charms restore—
 " Her charms of love—lost glimpse of Heaven !
" No father's proud, approving smile,
 " Ere fell upon his Warrior boy,
" Whose eye had lit, and flash'd the while,
 " With his first manhood's glimpse of joy :—
" These have not been or his or mine !
" A many a blessing yet is thine—
" And Heaven has spared thee from the blight
" Of fatal love—deception, slight.
" Would that such high, such guardian pow'r,
" Had held me in one fatal hour—
" Nor seen so dark a barrier chain
" Thus laid around the wide domain
" Wherein this heart may range—vain past,
" With thee the soul may rest at last !"
" Yes ! Marriot," gentle Nina sighed,
" Early my mother also died !

“ Well I remember every tear
“ I shed, bewilder’d, on her bier ;
“ But now alone, I know indeed,
“ The sorrow in that law decreed,
“ That left me her no more !—but see,
“ The courier down by yonder tree,
“ Bears weightier news than any yet,
“ Since first the crowding battle met—
“ I know it by the straining horse,
“ I know it by his reckless course !”
“ Yes, Nina, come !—by yonder hall,
“ We’ll easily reach the battled wall,
“ And meet the stranger—what is state,
“ When hanging in the hands of fate,
“ The lives we love, our very all,
“ Are held—but hush ! there is a call.”
“ No, Marriot—list ! an anguish’d strain
 “ Arises from yon sister’s cell—
“ All hearts have thrill’d to deeper pain—
 “ Grieve some departed spell !”
“ Yes, gentle child—the matron’s own,
“ Aye, even the Abbess, gives that tone ;
“ And there is yet another voice—
 “ I know I’ve heard that voice before !
“ Would that my wild heart’s fatal choice
 “ Could love for evermore !

- " It is O'Byrne—I feel it well—
" His was the hand, whose guardian spell,
" With every kindest care, had made
" More sure our way by yonder glade;
" Nor did, by look or thought, intrude,
" Or word, upon our solitude!—
" But hush! and hear the Abbess wail—
" What is her sorrow—what the tale?"
" Yes! I left thee in thy boyhood, when thine eye
 was like the roe,
" And thy joyous step, my brother! like the bounding
 river's flow—
" Fleet of foot, and gay as zephyrs when the snow
 sheet wrap'd the fells,
" And the strong, cold frozen waters clasp'd the
 streamlets of the dells—
" Oh! how oft I look'd with gladness, on thy form
 of youth and joy,
" When you join'd the sportsman's ranger band, a
 proud, true-hearted boy.
" Then I felt it hard to leave thee—for our child-
 hood's homes were one,
" Every nook was sweetly breathing with some dearly
 hallow'd tone;
" Still the meadow's bloom and freshness, and the
 garden's rich perfume,

- “ Charm’d us each succeeding year, and watch’d
our dawning childhood bloom—
- “ While together had we wander’d, where the whole
wide world was free,
- “ Thou far dearer than the earth is, thou, my
guardian one, to me.
- “ Yes! I left thee, and the vallies, and the mountain,
sea, and streams,
- “ Where thy smile could charm more deeply than
the brightest sunset gleams—
- “ When you parted me in sorrow, but my tears you
did not see,
- “ For my griefs were always hidden, like some
treasur’d things, by me!
- “ Years but saw us, like two streamlets, from one
fountain flung away,
- “ Thus to bear, apart, life’s sun and shade, for many
a long, long day.
- “ Lov’d one! now, at last, I’ve met thee—but thou
art, alas! how changed,
- “ Since away upon the wide world, first thy man-
hood’s footsteps ranged—
- “ Aye! the dark, cold trace of sorrow is upon thy
burning brow,
- “ And with workings deep and hidden, do thy pale
lips quiver now ;

- "Thou hast learn'd the sting, in spite thee that
must pierce thee in a name—
- "I have found thee, oh! my brother, but have
found thee not the same!
- "Thou hast drain'd the cup, where falsehood mingled
poison with the draught,
- "That you grasp'd with feverish gladness, and in
trusting madness quaff'd!
- "On the hill thy step no longer bounds, like forest
fawn at noon,
- "For the chilling pang of sorrow smote thy tender
heart too soon;
- "Yet you deem her pure and loving, trusting where
the callous heart
- "Only flung its charms around thee, fondness
seeming to impart.
- "It was thus she forged the shackles, that the
worldly, cold, and vain,
- "Oft delight in clasping victims in, forgetful of
the pain,
- "All forgetful of the madness, that the shatter'd
heart must feel—
- "When drawn backward memory's wanderings to
their tendernesses steal—
- "When fond thoughts again are with them, and the
blight upon their name—

“ Is it thus with thee, my brother!—have I found thee not the same ?

“ Is thy proud and noble spirit not the same it was of old ?—

“ Canst thou brook to think upon her—her, the ruiner, the cold—

“ Faithless shatterer of a heart as kind as ever beat a breast—

“ Blighter of thy noblest, earliest dream—the robber of thy rest ?

“ Has the voice you loved in childhood lost the power to charm thee now—

“ Shall I vainly seek to banish all these storm-clouds from thy brow ?”

Sweet Marriot listen'd to the strain,

The deep, upbraiding voice of pain—

Her temples felt her pulses beat—

Her trembling hand and Nina's meet !

“ Is this” she murmur'd, “ meet to bear,

“ This pining for his deep despair ?—

“ Yet never, never, even in play,

“ Gave I one smile, to wile away

“ His heart to me—then, Nina, why—

“ Why am I named thus scornfully ?”

“ Hark ! Marriot”—hush'd the maidens hear
O'Byrne's accents, soft and clear—

“ Sister ! thy love, office, and sex,
“ In such attire—command, perplex ;
“ Or else, believe, I had not borne
“ Till now, thy words of wrong and scorn !
“ If I’ve disgraced mine honor’d name,
“ Mine be the scorn, and mine the shame—
“ Loving against all hope—relying
“ On the sole power of love undying !—
“ One look, one softer smile, or tone,
“ She gave not, I might feel mine own—
“ Tho’ in her mountain home, a child,
“ I loved her by the ingle wild !
“ Vain hopes, vain love, presumptuous thought,
“ Ambitious moments dearly bought ;
“ For ever yet this heart shall bear,
“ Proud sister of Kinsellagh’s heir,
“ Thine image closely shrined, where never,
“ Oh ! never more, another trace
“ Of love the olden dream shall sever,
“ From its firm resting place.”

* * * * *

Out from his rock side camp, came forth
The guide, the Chief of fame and worth ;
His woods were fill’d with many a throng,
The hills had sent—the stern—the strong !

Mac Dermotts and O'Connors came,
With hundreds of their boasted name—
The brave and bold, the true Clan Murray,
The foremost oft on field or foray—
And crowding from thy walls, Robeen,
Mac William's heir, with Burks are seen,
As crossing by Bealanashee,
They meet the swordsmen of Rosslee—
O'Donnell, from the soft Glen Castle—
Dundonnell's Chief, with knight and vassal—
Clogh Ballymore—Kileen Avarra—
Thy spears have join'd the proud Kinsellagh!
O'Laihtua, Chief of Gleann Nemthinne—
And stragglers from the vale of Glynne—
Lough Feagh, Beltraine, Boghadoon,
Thy banks were voiceless, when at noon
A thousand feet have met and rally—
Glenhast, from out thy mountain valley—
O'Ciardha, from his plains by Croghan,
Follow'd by many a paltry Grogan!
Imleach Iril, thy ramparts soon
Again shall welcome O'Muldoon—
Soft Avon, from thy valley ways,
And hills, came forth the belted Hays!
Mac Gourk, Mac Guire, O'Tool, O'Leary,
Like eagles from their mountain eyry,

Came swooping down, with blade and bow,
To scour the ingle of the foe !
A many a wild and fleet O'Mally
Had pass'd thy broken bounds, Offally.
As leaves that hang the woods,
 Their numbers countless were ;
As sands along the floods,
 The endless Saxons there !
The mounted Chief, Mac Murrrough, bore
Down through the forests dark and hoar ;
Where now and then, with shout and spring,
Their skeins the active kearns fling
Amid the foe—then, from the fray,
Back, springing to the wild wood gray,
Built up by Nature, as a screen
Against the power of weapons keen !
Wild was the foemen's raging—shrill,
A many a shriek burst by the hill ;
The battle cry rung far and near,
Yet darker did the day appear—
First were the rival throngs opposed,
And then the maddening battle closed !
Bursting from rock and forest tree,
Along the darken'd pathway flee,
Wild mountain soldiers—axes rend
The ancient trees—their branches bend,

And strew the ground—no sooner fall
Each shading oak, and forest wall
Of beach and brier—till there, oppose
New barriers between the foes !
Mac Murrough started !—hark ! the sound
Of axes ring the forest round—
A thousand strokes, at one fell swoop—
And see ! the thicket barriers stoop !
A moment the Kinsellagh's gaze
Is fix'd upon the dark'ning haze—
A moment ! and his brow is bent
Upon some distant battlement—
His lip compress'd, the scorn has caught,
The curb of some impatient thought !
Another moment—and a cloud
Has fallen upon the haughty-brow'd—
For far along the hillock's bend,
O'Byrne's crowding arrows wend ;
Yet not before their troop is seen,
Their Chieftains' halberts' burning sheen !
Days, had he held the foe at bay—
Days, watch'd the dusky forest way—
His bosom swelling all the while
He lingers in the wild defile ;
But now, no more the Chief may tarry—
The foe comes down as fleetest quarry—

The opening woods give way before
The pathway, dyed in native gore !
The Warrior yet one moment stay'd—
 His forehead bent upon his hand ;
His spirit soar'd to Heaven, and pray'd
 Pray'd for his love and native land !
He raised the rein—his noble steed,
Thus from the curbing finger freed,
Burst bounding to the fray—" It's vain,
" To hold me from that gory plain !"
The Chieftain thought—" And yet, mine own,
" Would that I never yet had known
" Thy noble father—blameless, still,
" Obeying but his monarch's will,
" And not his own—King Richard's spear
" Lies useless in his camp, tho' here,
" Even in our wilds, the princely word,
" Far through his marshal'd troop is heard—
" Now, ho ! down from the mountains, ho !
" In—soldiers, in upon the foe !
" Now, sword to sword, and hand to hand,
" Let freedom light the hero brand—
" Be foot to foot, till never more,
" The stranger track is on the shore !"
He said—and by the tangled way,
Commenced the furious battle fray !

Yet, ere the evening shadows fell,
Rich-dying all the tinted dell—
No more the Briton strives in vain,
To battle in that dusky lane—
But far upon the distant plain,
Their vaunting camp is pitch'd again.
“Back, back, my men—we keep our own—
“We seek not for our country's throne!
“False, faithless Chiefs have bent and sued—
“Have join'd the stranger in the feud;
“Theirs is that land, where safely laid,
“His camp upon the sward is made!
“No more—no more—back to your caves,
“Or stay, and give the foemen graves.”
The shadows stealing from the twilight clouds,
Closely along the dusky forest crowds—
Low laid upon the rent and batter'd sward,
A form reclined—another arm kept ward
Above the wounded, while an ebbing flow
Stream'd from his bosom, on the flowers below;
And then, at last, the youthful Warrior's form,
As pine low bending, broken, to the storm,
Fell back—and cold, and sadly drear, he lies!
Beside that other form, bared to the skies.
No more entramel'd with his heavy sword,
Nor bound up even by his Chieftain word—

R

His mantle laid aside, and waving plume—
Mac Murrough treads along the forest's gloom !
And now, with rapid stride, he nears the nook,
Where skirts the battle-field—the rippling brook—
Starts, as he sees a friend's familiar face,
Pallid and cold, upon that gory place—
Sighs, as he looks upon the golden hair,
Tatter'd and soil'd, upon a brow so fair !
How could he blame the loving heart that loved—
Such brow, such curls, his warrior soul had stir'd—
He sighed, " Oh ! what can yet withhold the blow ?
" Sister ! a time of agonizing woe
" Waits for thy heart !"—in silent sorrow, now,
He turns to look upon another brow—
The lip was warm—he touch'd with genial wine—
His own among the colder fingers twine—
His 'kerchief from his neck he tore, and bound
The wounded Warrior's bleeding side around—
Raised on his breast—and in his stalwart arms,
The cold limbs chafed, from deathly thralldom warns !
A sigh—a struggle—and that heaving breast
Throb'd to the bosom where it but had press'd—
His fingers moved—his heavy lids were raised—
Lord Norris full upon his foeman gazed !

CHAPTER XIII.

"Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song?
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listen'd to my rede."

SCOTT.

Once more the morning of a brilliant day,
Shone out in gladness, on the forest way—
Burst through the tangled boughs, and lit the water,
Far eddying down beside the field of slaughter,
Seeking its breast—the wounded war-horse, reeling,
Neigh'd where the zephyrs through the copse were
stealing—

And fell that light on many a form of pride,
The foe, unnotic'd, by the foeman's side!
Vainly Mac Murrough sought to give a grave—
The Britons fought for their unburied brave;
And he who held the battle-field his own,
Claimed, as the victor, not his dead alone—

How many a heart of light and love, array'd
To prove the valour of that heart, is laid
Where every flower is trampled on the green,
And dyed in crimson is his halbert's sheen !
Dark matters bore upon King Richard's mind—
Deep deeds of treachery, tho' ill defined,
Yet telling that rebellious seeds were strewn,
And other hands were laid upon his throne !
Distracted, grieved, he left the field—and took
His way by ingles, where the pine trees shook ;
Where Lugnaquilla flung his dusky shade,
By stream, and fen, and ingle's darksome glade,
Where many a mound, and many a stone was seen,
And many a lake expanding on the green—
Till, once again, his banners vaunting free,
Stream'd from his gallies on the heaving sea.

* * * * *

See ! yet again, the heavens serene,
Smile down upon the river's sheen ;
But, swifter than the rays that glide
Along its ripples—by its side,
The courier whose foot had trod
 Along the every dusky aisle,
With hurried step and rapid speech—
 Clonmines ! within thy Abbey pile,

Is speeding now, and at his side,
On fleetest steed, the Imael's pride !
And yet another bending form,
With cheek and forehead flush'd and warm,
Bends to her palfrey—on the rein,
For long, a stranger hand had lain—
A many a time she tried to speak,
While deeper colors tinged her cheek—
'Tho' well she felt Mac Murrough's hand
Had held more tenderly the band
That led her palfrey on—but see !
No longer by the woodland tree,
The haughty Marriot rides—alone,
She standeth by a threshold stone—
The courier urging many a prayer,
Her lip determined as despair !
The silent Knight left Nina's rein,
And bounded to the turfy plane,
Forgetting, in his wild surprise,
His purpose, silence, and disguise—
Spoke, “ Now, sir courier, what is here ?
“ What does the Lady Marriot fear ? ”
She started—for no longer, cover
Conceals the features of her lover—
And once again her dark eyes turn,
To leave the glances of O'Byrne !

A moment—and her trembling fingers
Within the Chieftain's pressure lingers—
The rapid powers of thought had stray'd,
Where deeds of love and truth array'd
Along the ways of many a year,
Told that O'Byrne had held her dear ;
No other loved her—why repay
The lavish love he'd cast away,
With only grief and pain ?—his sword
Had won her, by her brother's word.
She raised her eyes—the light had fled,

That glow'd upon his brow before—
A transient flash, where hope was dead—

O'Byrne bends and sues no more.

“ Why has my Chieftain's sister laid

“ Her step upon the ingle glade ?”

“ A wailing from this cottage came,”

She answer'd, “ murmuring my name—

“ I know the voice, an aged crone

“ Dies here, perchance, perish'd, alone—

“ Leave me ; and bear my gentle friend,

“ Where yet her love may watch and tend—

“ My soul is thirsting to endure,

“ And ease the sadness of the poor.”

“ Marriot ! thy very words have told

“ More than, perchance, you would unfold—

“ My rival!—yes, you turn away—
“ I never own’d it till to-day—
“ My rival, steep’d in soil and gore,
“ Lies wounded by that cottage door ;
“ Stay if his love has well repaid
“ The treasure that your choice has laid
“ Beside him—let your maiden pride
“ At once, my Princess, here decide !”
“ What!—Heaven, how just each wise decree
“ That thou hast order’d yet for me.”

She knelt, o’erpower’d—her streaming tears
Fell through her fingers—thoughts of years,
Passions and hopes, and phantom cares,
Departed with her wild despairs !
Her woman soul had early strove,
To find an object for her love—
The gentle murmurings of Tralee
Had bound her by their witchery—
Yet strange, how strange this wayward world,
A strong, a giant power has hurl’d
The idol from his tottering throne—
A wild enthusiast thought alone,
That dream had been—she sob’d, “ Ah, me !
“ I cannot tend the lost Tralee ;
• “ I thought—but vain each passing scene—
“ The dream is as it ne’er had been.”

How did O'Byrne's bosom swell,
Beneath that voice's mystic spell—
Yet not a word he spoke—her rein
Is laid in Marriot's hand again,
He felt her throbbing bosom rest
Upon his own—yet never press'd
That form in one embrace, nor stay'd
While Marriot on her steed was laid !
Wordless, upon her palfrey staying,
Young Nina with her rein was playing—
Yet had she wept, when Marriot wept—
 More, had she known her cause for grief !
Once more the hurrying coursers swept,
 Where hung the forest leaf.

* * * * *

Within a panell'd chamber, where the shadows
 creeping fall,
In many a curious fancy, on the olden carved wall,
Low on a couch, a warrior in the zenith of his years,
Clasps in his hand a little hand, and both are dew'd
 in tears—
“ My child,” he softly murmured, “ when I left thee
 with the foe,
“ My Monarch's word had bade me forth—I might
 not choose but go ;

“A moment from my darken’d mind the generous
Chief eras’d,

“I battled with his guided host,—my country’s
standard rais’d ;

“But when upon the battle field, my life was ebbing
fast,

“My soul remember’d all his worth—the spell his
word had cast

“Around me once, what e’er he be—what e’er thy
fate my child,

“Thy father freely gives thee to Kinsellagh of the
wild.”

He softly smiled, and gently then those hands
together press’d,

While faintly was a murmur heard, that gurgled in
his breast—

Lord Norris slept from care and strife, from battle
field and din,

Beneath thy lofty walls and pines, thou ruin’d Teigh-
molin—

Within a wild and trackless land, thy griefs are all
thine own,

Poor Nina! now thy trust must be in stranger hearts
alone.

Another form was coldly laid upon that battle night,
A dismal spectacle array’d before the moonbeam’s
light—

'Twas he, the wounded Warrior, laid within that
cottage shed,
Old Eva watched beside his couch, and thought the
spirit fled,
And Ronald, Kathleen's orphan boy, is there at
Eva's side—
He'd left the fierce and dark Mac Con, in battle's
wildest tide,
And stealing from his hiding place, had found that
Chieftain's foe,
Dyed in his gore, upon the sward—where he had
laid him low,
And Eva by the moonlight sought—oh! how she
wept to see,
Her own belov'd, her beautiful—the wounded Lord
Tralee!
When many a day had pass'd and gone,
He sought his castle dark and lone,
Wearied of battle, crush'd with pain,
When could he mix in life again?
He often wander'd by the hills,
And watch'd the wide Atlantic's foam,
Where, gather'd from its little rills,
A river made its depths its home;
Barren rocks and shingle shore,
Waves retreating more and more,

Waters deep, that roar and roll,
Give a pleasure to his soul !
Eva often strove to cheer him,
Like a guardian spirit near him,
Watching every thought that griev'd,
But her cares had not relieved ;
Yet he might have told her all—
Can we count the words that fall
From deliriums lips—he'd told,
Raving, all he could unfold :—
Second love, when dark and chill,
All the past was on him still ;
Kathleen's form had pass'd away,
Life had yet another ray ;
What were all his spring-time tears,
To the hopes of later years ?
For spring-time showers pass away,
Destruction marks the summer day,
When, bursting from its lighted skies,
The thunder's blighting lightning flies—
When beauty on all nature falls,
Then the destruction that appals ;
Such wreck my after tale shall prove
The fate of this, his second love.

A myriad voices rend the air,
Flies wildly their uncover'd hair,

As far on high the shout ascends,
When round about Mac Morrough bends ;
Kinsellagh leads a foreign bride
To share with him the ingle side,
Yet not a heart has turned away
Upbraiding, on that bridal day :
They knew that many a stranger name
Had often mingled with their fame,
When many a baron, brave and bold,
Had found a bride in native wold,
And many a chief of mighty sway
Had led a Saxon bride away ;
When knight and chieftain, darkest foeman,
Were bound in friendship by a woman,
Why should a foreign law proclaim
A ban upon our native name ?
Why rend apart the ties so long,
Commingle both in deed and song ?
A many a knee was bent that day,
A many a heart was hush'd to pray ;
For who had made the wilds secure,
From Croghan Mount to Luganure ?
Who, but that prince of Innisfail,
Who leads his troop by mountain dome,
The Saxon bride of hush'd Imael,
His partner to that free-born home,
By Avonbeg and Glenmalure.

Words are but vain to give a thought
Of all the hues the woods have caught
Amidst their foliage—autumn's dies
Are brighter for the glowing skies.
Here are the rich groves' edges seen,
Like feather'd spangles, brown and green ;
Wrought on the blue of ether here,
The deeper shades of green appear,
Mix'd up with brightest yellow leaves,
The color of the harvest sheaves ;
And deeper still, among the woods,
The hues of dark rocks flung on floods,
Far in the back-ground, olive green,
Giving the shadow to the scene !

O'Byrne's foot had left his native shore—
Where does he wander ?—shall they meet no more ?
Must she be blighted for that early dream,
That caught her in its ignus-fatus gleam ?
Yes, Marriot wanders by the streamlets cold,
Thinks of her country—of his love of old ;
Oh ! why so early did he seek her vow ?
Why not have waited 'till the world should bow ?
Years pass'd away—her form has prouder grown,
A softer charm around her step is thrown ;
Smiling, she gazed adown her native vale,
Sweet balmy freshness stole along Imael,

Sun-beams were lighting all the distant sea,
Song-birds were tuning from each drooping tree ;
Beneath the shadow of a willow bough
She screen'd the glitter from her thoughtful brow,
When stole an image by the flowing stream,
Like vision given her by a passing dream,
Her lips were blanch'd—she had no power of prayer,
She only felt O'Byrne was kneeling there ;
As trembling leaf on aspen bough she shook,
While every tinge the maiden's cheek forsook ;
Too deeply bless'd that moment's wild extreme,
Too full her heart, her thoughts can only beam ;
In silent feeling, from her glowing eyes,
Has he forgiven her childish phantasy's.
A moment's thrilling silence—passioned tears,
That tells again the changeless love of years,
And words have pass'd, of such a faithful power,
Their sounds shall live in every after hour :
Earth has no name for Marriot's joy or love—
Honor and faith alike her choice approve ;
And never wilder greeting thrill'd Killgurn
Than welcomed home the bride of the O'Byrne.
Old Eva heard, nor grieved to see the tears
Shed by her lov'd Tralee—his after years
Were calmer, for his stern and darkend soul
No more vibrated to a new controul ;

And when that olden nurse he sadly gave
To earth, he sought a foreign land and grave.
A many a year of peace went by,
And grief was but in memory ;
Kinsellagh loved his bride as well
As tho' an heiress when it fell ;
The forfeiture on all her dower,
For wedding with an outlaw'd power,
With native hand and native word,
Nina was bless'd, her all—her lord !
And every heart was full of joy,
But his—poor Kathleen's orphan boy ;
He'd followed at Mac Morrough's side,
Yet never looked upon the bride
Of the O'Byrne, lest, like Tralee,
He'd feel no more the destiny
Of her, or aye forget the wild
Where Kathleen found the orphan child.

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